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Around Town.

I feel sorry for childless couples, for those married folk who have no bairns to pull the curtains and tear the books and generally discurb the smoothness and propriety of the drawing-room. At no other period of the year does such a condition so obtrude itself as during these holidays. Babies are essential to the hilarity and jollity of Christmas and New Year's. For the first time in a number of years I have been left alone and sought to enjoy myself at Christmas without them. It was imossible to be happy, and the invitation of a friend who has a good stock of them was accepted, for if one is without them the next pest thing is to borrow them. One cannot play with other men's children as with one's own, yet what little joy was in the day was in following the band and blowing the mouth rgan behind a youngster who was not three years old. We were all absolutely at the mercy this aggressive youngster; he led the band. We played when he started up: we marched and wore paper caps and had all the jollity there was in the whole day under his direction. I laughed to myself to see the procession he had behind him, for my friend had invited other unhappy men who had no other place to on and they were glad to serve under this boyish general. At dinner he talked all the nobody's arm was safe from being talked off; there was no family secret that he respected; nothing that he would not give away; every detail with regard to the season's delicacies was public property within five minutes after we got there. Fortunately for us all he had no inkling as to prices, but any domestic discussion that had taken place as to what variety of soup, fish and fowl we should have, he gave us before we were there long enough to get our overshoes off. Yet this little speck of naturalism, with his absolutely genuyouth, gave the day its whole character and he with his brothers and sisters furnished me the only enjoyment I had.

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How do childless couples live through all their years without some little baby fingers to warm their hearts? How can they exist without some little touch of nature to warm them into life? Surely they must feel a lack of these nocent and guileless young people who prat tle away and forget that strange ears are listening to their gossip. What man or woman would ever repeat any of their remarks? They are so natural, so genuine, so indicative of all that goes on at home that it is refreshing to hear them, while it would be treason to tell of it.

The inner circle of family life is a queer kaleidoscope. I have seen it at home; I have een it in the families of my friends. Odd things crop up; queer things are permitted; less peculiar things are forbidden, but altogether the lesson is that the babies bring us back to youth and keep us from being cold and heartless and ungenerous. No better inkling can be given of the kindliness of family life than the fact that where I ate my Christmas dinner a fat and gentle doe, finding the kitchen door open on the warm day, meandered through the hall and ate bread from the hand of my host. A deer is a wild creature, but when ame and touched by the hand of affection nothing is so tame and so gentle. After the laugh which followed the entrance of this queer visitor, which browsed amongst the flower oots and ate nuts from the hands of young sters, who are not prone to be gentle with animals, a great big dog came in and asked to be helped, and the pug sat up and begged, and all the little tendernesses of the family were revealed. It made one more human and more glad to be alive. When the horns were blown and the caps put on and the buildings erected, exhibited and the dressing cases laid out and each one with unmistakable pride made it evident that someone had been kindly and thoughtful, I sat and thought about the people who had nobody to be good to. There is nothing in other people being good to you unless it is an evidence of affection, but what about the people who have nobody to be good to? What an unfortunate affair it must be !

We cannot be good to ourselves. Here is a drinking toast! "Here's to our noble selves!" We cannot. Somebody else must be good to us; we must be good to somebody else. Those who never hear the little feet of children pattering across the hall looking for the tribute of Santa Claus, those who have never contributed to a stocking nor watched for the hug and kiss of overjoyed childhood, they don't know anything about it; they haven't lived. It does not matter how many years we put in, we only live during those in which we can create happiness for other people. We cannot create happidess for ourselves. If we make others happy it reflects on us; we can join in sometimes in a clumsy and even critical way, yet this is all we get out of it. Life is not very long; it does not matter how short it is, we can get some of it; we may miss it all. It is immaterial how long it is, still we may miss it all. Christmas is not worth a cent without babies, without youngsters, without somebody who has not outgrown the idea of being happy.

This has been a queer mayoralty campaign. It began with many candidates already in the field and many who were expected. Those who felt neighborly were prepared to give their favors to the neighbors who asked them, yet I magine that in the end canvassing and chicanery will play the most unimportant part that has been played in Toronto for many

I have had the pleasure—it has sometimes

been a pleasure—to be in many political and municipal campaigns. The one which will end on the 4th of January I consider the most peculiar one in which I have had any interest. It began by the nomination of Mr. Osler, when the idea was prevalent that so distinguished a man having been brought out no one would offer himself as an opponent. Instead of this being the case, three men representing an equal number of interests came into the field and Mr. Osler's chances seemed slight indeed. His friends regretted having induced him to enter the campaign, but in view of his own personal opposition to such a procedure they immediately subscribed liberally in order to make his fight as good a one as could be made. There was no idea of any sinister influence being used, and none has been used, but the grave-yard has voted in Toronto so often that a thorough organization had to be effected to prevent deal men and absentees electing one of the mediocre candi-The beginning of the fight was dispiriting. Every man on Mr. Osler's committee felt as if he had undertaken a contract which would be hard to fill, not that anyone considered their candidate weak or unimportant, but he was unknown to the general electorate and was absent on business which could not be disregarded. Through two weeks of organization and trouble which those who are not in-

and ma'erially attached to the city. We have made many mistakes in electing mayors, and we know that much could have been done and much prevented had we acted more wisely, and it is entirely useless to lay blame on those who have gone out of office. What we must do is to put good men in office and then something may be accomplished. The man would be a wizard who could reorganize in a moment the extraordinary condition of affairs which now exists, but if it can be done at all an experienced man must be given the task.

Mr. E. B. Osler is making no wild promises, but simply says, "If I go in I will do the best I can; every item shall be examined as a business man examines every line in the bill rendered to him. Where we can reduce expenses without rendering inefficient our city service, they shall be reduced. No new expenditure shall be permitted. The debt shall be taken care of as a debt in my private concern would be looked after." He pretends to no experience; he simply knows that there is only one way of doing business, and he is fully aware that he is conversant with that method. He has handled bigger things than the finances of Toronto, and if entrusted with them he knows just how to go about it.

vans which carried the little fellows to the alleged feast at St. Andraw's Hall were decorated with starvation mottoes and the editorials in the paper which the procession was intended to advertise, all indicated that the little fellows had not in their lifetime had a square meal. I do not think I ever saw such a blatant piece of ostentatious alms-giving as this newsboy feast given by the News. Bless me, the majority of the boys have a square meal once a day-thrice a day They are not beggars. The hilarious little chaps sell newspapers and they make money out of it. Iknow one of them who has twenty five hundred dollars in the bank and every cent of it was made out of newspapers. It is a shame to advertise them as paupers, for they are nothing of the sort; they are the shrewdest little merchants in the city, They are not dependent on a newspaper for a square meal. If they are, Toronto has come to a very sickly condition and the newspaper that advertises them as ill-fed miserable little paupers is insulting them while endeavoring to uplift itself as a giver of good gifts. I do not think the newsboys will be ever trapped into an advertising dodge of this sort again, and as it was the vans were not half loaded with those who sell newspapers but with boys who were out for a lark. It may seem uncharitable to characterize the whole thing as a fake, and yet nothing was

live, crowd every minute and every hour and every day and every week and every month and every year and every decade with all we can do. And if we die we have lived. If we sleep a hundred years and wake up to celebrate the anniversary of the century, we are only bables; we have not lived.

Heart failure is a great complaint nowadays. What does it mean? The heart that was meant to run for seventy-five years has run itself down in thirty-five or forty years. All the better. We have been here less time and we have done it all, seen it all, had it all. The heart has tired out. Then let us qui'. Once a year I try to preach this little sermon of not trying to stretch out a thirty-five year life to a hundred. It is better to compress a hundred years into thirty-five or forty or fifty, or if by reason of strength we can hang on until seventy, all the better. I do not believe it shortens it a bit. Everything in nature teaches us to "keep our move on." The forest tells us that the biggest tree is the one apt to fall, and when it falls the daisies and the buttercups and the strawberry blossoms and everything else is crushed, yet if the daisles and the strawberries and the buttercups and the blossoms were crushed they will no more hear the thunder and lightning and the trouble of the storm, and they are all right. What difference does it

The preacher and the poet are alike in saying that the beauty of the thought and the honor of the action amount to everything, and the length of days and the unbeauty of the surroundings amount to nothing. The prophet told us that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. If the posies and the strawberry blossoms and the ferns are crushed by the fall of the tree and the blast of the storm, there is just so much less vanity and vexation of spirit for them. We hope on and endure; we wish to do good things and fail; we try to do good things and are suspected of evil motives. It doesn't matter. After the tree falls the storm clears away; there is beauty and delight in life; other blossoms appear; other posies delight the eye; nature has not been wrecked; nobody, nothing is missed. Those who are alive are no more important than those who are dead, and so from New Year's until New Year's we circle around the sun on this great big ball and forget how little we amount to. how much we can do, how much we can leave undone, how little there is in anything except in shedding brightness and beauty and life and ephemeral glory on whatever flowers, on whatever faces look up to ours for their sun-

Is there or is there not something in amusing people in this world? I have enjoyed the

pleasure of knowing a large number of comedians who have contributed perhaps more than any other men within the last two decades. to amusing the public. They made money and fame by making people laugh. With but few exceptions I have known all the funny men in theatrical and literary circles who belong to or have vis'ted America. None of them seemed to have enjoyed what a contemporary calls "clowning." The cleverest comedian that I have ever known leaves the theater feeling that he has sacrificed some of his dignity in order to make people laugh. Did you ever know a man who could make people laugh and atill retain all of his dignity? I have known a great many people who could make a point by holding the audience with what has been called "clowning." Many times I have seen the substratum of sense find its way and dwell with a great big heavy load on the heart of the man who has been laughing. Many of the best points are made by evangelists, as well as 'clowns," by a well turned sentence or funny gesture, yet after all what does the man amount to who does it? If he be a preacher he is called a sensationalist. He may make money and people may go to hear him in thousands. If he is an actor he may make more money than anybody who does tragedy as his profes sion, but he is never happy. The man who makes people laugh is the man who most of all would like to make people cry; he is the man who appreciates the undercurrent of tragedy in human life better than the weeping preacher or the ranting tragedian. It is the nearness to tears that makes the laugh come so readily. The man who makes us laugh most is the one who understands that which hysteria produces. Skating lightly over the surface of our emotions he whirls on the rottenest ice and makes us laugh to think how cunningly he evaded disast* er. The surprise, the unexpectedness of the deviation from the line of rhetoric is what makes us laugh. The sudden dropping into the sadness of what we know and the gruesomeness of what we may expect, makes us cry. They may be both tricks of the rhetorician; they may be the heart touches of the orator, but the people who listen never think of the difference. If they cry the man is an orator; if they laugh he is a comedian, a fun-maker, a clown. Yet I have seen a great many places, heard a great many speakers and listened to a large number of preachers, reported a great many political orators, and the art of it all, the touch that separates the man who knows his audience and understands the chords of the human heart from the man who gets up and blabs and blats and roars and fumes and thinks he is making a speech, is the mere trifle which separa'es the musician from the plano pounder, the elocutionist from the unfortunate person who gets up and reads and makes his hearers wish he were dead, the man who knows how to sing from the man who divide the more we have left over; but let us | sings without knowing how. These little dif-



Princess Mary of Teck.

terested cannot appreciate, the fight for Mr. Osler was made with a heroism worthy of the good cause in which the committee had engaged. The gods are good to those who try to do right. Things began to look brighter, and by the time Mr. Osler returned from the Old Country we knew that his chances and his claims had been very well established. Since then Mr. Osler, who is by no means an orator, has grown in public favor in the most remarkable way. His first utterances were the modest words of a man who understood himself to be lacking in the tricks of rhetoric and in the tricks of the politician. Every meeting which he has addressed has observed the man and weighed the honest sincerity of his words, and all the assistants that he has had in this campaign have not made as many votes for Mr. Osler as the man has made for himself. Moreover, he has developed extraordinary strength and his speeches, as he has become accustomed to the people and to the sound of his own voice, show signs of power which in later years will make him a man high in the councils of the Dominion of Canada. He is deliberate in his utterance; he says nothing that can be denied or even misrepresented; he is careful, and yet there is an honesty in his words which has en ormous weight.

I firmly believe that Mr. E. B. Oaler will be elected mayor. If he is not I shall be sorry; it is a recognized principle I shall be sorry, not because I am personally attached to the man, but because I am sincerely

est John." referring to himself. This may be a very good joke but it is in exceedingly bad taste. The man who talks about his own honesty is a little bit off color. Honesty is or should be one of the primary characteristics of a man. He has no more right to boast about it, or to talk about it, than he has to get up on a platform and brag about being truthful or decent. Mr. McMillan has a noisy support which the public may mistake for strength. Mr. Fleming is presumably strong, insomuch as his organ claims for him the labor vote and the temperance people are said to look upon him as their leader. Yet Brother McMillan is destroying his chances by proving him insincere in everything. Duplicity has never been successful and never will be. Mr. Osler addresses an audience as if he were entirely unconcerned as to the result : he talks like a man who is not hunting for the job, and is quite willing to be honest. He is not fluent in speech but he is sincere, and sincerity will win. E. B. Osler will be mayor.

One of the funny things in this campaign and in the newspaper business-for those of us who write for newspapers cannot forget the newspaper phase of it-was the treat given to the newsooys by the Evening News. It was a good advertisement and very well engineered, but it was overworked. When we give alms should not do it while shouting upon the street corners. The band wagon and the

Mr. McMillan talks a great deal about "Hon- | ever more distinctly and lugubriously a fake than the loud-mouthed donation of a few buns to the boys of the town. Newspapers that have to get themselves in sight in this way would be more fortunate if they spent the money in acquiring a genuine circulation or in giving alms quietly to those who need support.

Life is counted by heart beats, not by the

tick of the clock, nor the days in the almanac, nor by the pictures on the calendar. It is said that we live more rapidly than of old. Well, what if we do? We are in this world to live, not to sleep. When we live we are doing, feeling, enduring, being happy or miserable, sad or gay. The wind touches us: the sea is bright and glittering, smooth and delightful, or overcast with clouds dark and rolling, tempestuous, threatening, destroying! What matters it whether we see all these things in What an hour or in a day? There are men who are a hundred years old who have not lived fifteen minutes; there are men of thirty who have lived three centuries. The chief aim of life is not to prolong it but to fill it, fill it full and overflowing, and may it be God's measure and God's grist! If we fill it with folly, or folly mixed with goodness, that shallwe have paid back unto us. But let us live! One of the oldest of the adages, popular now and immortal, is, "Live and let live." We are alive to-day, but we are not the only people who are alive. There are others who seek to exist, and we must divide up. The more we

ferences do not amount to much, but there is nobody who suffers so much from misconception as the funny man; that is, the real funny man. How often I have heard Billy Florence deplore the fact that he could not play the most tragic part without making people laugh, and my old friend, now dead, peace be to his ashes, George S. Knight, used to wonder why people always wanted him to make them laugh. He made his great success as Otto, the German. Then he tried until he lost all his money Baron Rudolph, one of the sweetest and wittiest and most pathetic plays ever put on an American stage. Surfeited with theaters as I have been because of the necessities of my business, I have cried over Baron Rudo'ph, I have suffered with Ruddy the Tramp and felt new impulses to goodness and honor as the poor vagabond resumed his old place in society; I have laughed and almost shuddered to see the same man play Over the Garden Wall, a rank travesty of the beautiful pathos that underlay the laughter and tears of which he was fond. But he had to do it; the people wanted to laugh and when they saw George Knight they thought that laughter was what they had paid for; they must laugh. What care they that beneath his life and beneath the life of those characters which he portrayed, there lay an ocean of tears, a sadness, a dreadfulness, a fear of misconception which made him one of the saddest of

I think we fail sometimes to see how near laughter is to tears; how near the touches which make us smile are those which make us weep. Ella Wheeler Wilcox said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," yet all the glory and honor seem to go to those who make us weep. The parsons all try to make us cry; don't want to; they don't want to. There is nothing particular for us to cry about. Then why should not the men who make us laugh have some share in public approbation? Why should every comedian who lives leave the stage sad and be sorry because he has made people laugh? I have known so many of them who have wondered if the laughing business was not all a failure, who desired to be tragic simply to let the people know that there was something in them besides the clown, that I feel sorry for myself and everybody else who sometimes has an opportunity to carry away the same thought. Those who make us laugh are nearer to ourselves; there is more pathos in the laugh than there is in the cry. The world is not funny; it is dead serious. There is more art in making people laugh than in making them cry; more feeling is necessary, a deeper estimate of the currents which underly every life. Yet people laugh and shink there is nothing in it but a trick of the voice. They cry and think that some great big soul has awakened them. The cry comes from the trick of the voice, not the laugh. That strange hysterical feeling which makes us long either to laugh or cry, that something which is the bond between men, the declaration of kinship, is all in the laugh, and in these delicate or indelicate touches, whatever they may be-and they are generally gauged according to the audience—the laugh is called "clowning" and the "art," skill, a knowledge of the heart. When the people know the undercurrent and see the little boats turn where the tide swirls. they will cease to wonder that the so-called funny men are sad and that the sad men are Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught; Our sweetest songs are those that tell Of saddest thought.

Did you ever meet the jolly woman, the woman who makes people laugh, who is sought after because she is so entertaining and her conversation is so exhibarating? Did you ever notice that in her face there is a history, that in the gay and rollicking voice there is a story fraught with pain, that her eyes cloud up as the eyes of a woman who does not know the world never cloud? She does the "clowning" for society; she does some of the suffering for her sex. She it is who falls over with her face on the pillows and weeps tears of bitterness: she it is who looks back and buries her sorrow under a laugh which has in it that hysteria, that contagion which makes other people laugh. Laughter is mixed with tears always. There is a seriousness about laughing which is the seriousness of life. A great many people cannot help laughing at a funeral if the slightest incident provokes mirth. At times people would like to cry, somehow they are most inclined to laugh because mirth is so close to the surface and is simply the overcoat, the film, the ice of self-possession that covers the flood beneath. One can always be sure that men or women who make other people laugh have for many days and nights, for many years, had hard work to hide traces of tears, and have often found it inconvenient to appear in public because their eyes were swollen with a flood pent up behind and their hearts full of the tragedy which shallow people portray and deeper natures conceal. So runs the world away. We laugh and cry, and cry and laugh. When we laugh the world is with us; if we cry at the right time the world thinks we are awfully sweet-and good. But best of all, let us laugh, for after all we are not willing to cry except at a play or do it involuntarily at a funeral, and we suspect those who cry at other times, even while we smooth them down and comfort them and sneer at The Man Who Laughs.

A few people here and there have a hazy notion that perhaps when they proceed to mark their ballots on Monday they will be afforded a chance to give an opinion on the question of free books for the public schools in Toronto. Nobody seems to really know anything about it. From certain passing references made to the subject in the daily papers recently, I conclude that the ballot slip handed to each voter on Monday will interrogate him on the free school book matter. The men who engineered this thing up an issue should have stood by it and given it a hand through the deep waters of election day. A year ago, or less, the proposal was actively discussed and people were familiar at least with the name if not the merits of it, but the public memory is defective and it may so chance that a valuable re-

ference of voters, who, if they had time to think, would warmly approve of it. A man cannot properly weigh an economic question like this in the minute allowed him behind the red curtain of his polling booth, and no matter how plainly worded a question may be it should not confront him there for the first The first impulse of a man is to resent any other man's idea unless it is insinuated into his favor in one of a thousand ways, so that when he is met with a proposal in the briefest possible number of words in a polling booth he mentally exclaims, "Whose fad is that!" and negatives it forthwith. That first impulse rules him, for he has no time for a second, but on going out and turning the idea over, should he be asked by a friend he would admit there were two sides to the question. Feeling that in being thus consulted the idea was as much his as anybody's, he might even champion it and do evangelistic work in its behalf until the

This being the stuff of which men are made. it seems almost fatal to the free school book proposal that it should have been dropped out of sight for several months, only to bob up on election day to startle the average ratepayer and affront the dignity and offend the unconscious selfishness of his mind.

When we go so far towards having absolutely free schools it is illogical to pause where the books of study and instruction are required. We furaish carefully equipped buildings and trained teachers. If pupils do not come of their free will we send policemen to bring Yet without books they cannot them in. study, for books are as necessary as teachers and are as integral a part of our school arrangements as the buildings. At present we have not free schools for the education of all classes of children. The poor man and the averagely-circumstanced mechanic who happens to have a very large family must remove his youngsters from school while their advancement is small, owing to the increasing cost of books. It is proportionately cheaper now to give schooling to a family of seven than to one child, for the reason that the younger ones can use the books no longer required by the older ones. The proposal that books shall be made free contemplates a broader economy than is seen in a large family, an economy in which the children of the municipality shall constitute one family among whom all books shall descend and not one escape without serving its utmost use.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Henderson of Detroit is spending the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. A. McLean Howard of Carlton street.

Dr. J. G. Kennedy, formerly one of Toronto's best known physicians, died in Chicago a few

The French Conversation Club will meet this evening at the residence of Mrs. Proctor of No. 71 Grenville street.

A very lovely wedding was celebrated on Monday morning last in St. Luke's church. The bride was one of Toronto's prettiest daughters, Miss Florence Ellis, fourth daughter of the late James Ellis, and the groom, Mr. Herbert R. Walker, eldest son of the late R. Irving Walker. Miss Ellis wore a gown of white brocaded satin trimmed with ostrich feathers and pearls, and her veil was held in p'ace by a handsome diamond star, the gift of the bridegroom. She was led to the altar by her b-other-in-law, Mr. Proctor, and was followed by her sister, Miss Lily Ellis, as maid of honor, and the Misses Baird, Maud Proctor, Kitty and Elsie Riordan as bridesmaids. These young ladies wore frocks of white serge and hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. The bride and her maids carried bouquets of roses. Dr. Langtry, the rector, performed the mar riage ceremony, and Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter acted as hest man. The ushers were Mesers Norman Ellis, A. R. Walker, Trevor Horrocks and Bert Thompson. The wedding dejeuner was followed by a recention at the residence of Mr. Proctor, 71 Grenville street, whose charming house, always rich in objects of interest and the spoils of foreign travel, looked unusually well in its Christmas and nuptial fineries. Many beautiful presents were given the popular young bride-diamonds, china and various other artistic and elabora'e gifts being visible. Mr. and Mrs. Walker have sailed for England and will make a prolonged and interesting tour on the continent. Perhaps no bride has carried with her more general good wishes than this universally and deservedly popular lady. Among the guests who assembled to wish her happiness were Mrs. R. Irving Walker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. James E Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawson, Rev. James and Mrs. Henderson, Rev. Hugh Johnston, Capt. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Ellis. Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Mrs. and Miss Fitch, Dr. Norman and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Har ton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cheyne, Messrs. and the Misses Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Layton, Dr. George A. Peters, Mrs. T. W. S. Forster, Mr. and Mrs. Baird, Miss Maud Baird, Miss Worden, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mr. George Baird, Mr. Charles Baird, Mr. W. Bunting, Mr. Percy Horrocks, Mr. George Bunting, Buffalo: Miss Mills, Miss Annie Mills, Mr. Joseph Palmer, Mr. Willans, Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Susie Ellis, Miss Edna Walker, Gardie Walker, Erle Walker, Misses Chopitea, Frankie Riordan and Millie Bridge-

A very pleasant young people's party was given in the evening by Mrs. Proctor.

Mrs. Robert Gooderham gave an At Home on Wednesday afternoon, which was well attended.

A large number of friends of the McMaster University attended the Founders' Day assemform will now suffer defeat through the indif- bly, when an excellent programme was presented and a very enjoyable time spent by all. The Canadian Society of Musicians' concert

was another affair which attracted many nice people. The attraction was M. de Packmann the charming planist, whose rendition of Chopin's music is beyond praise.

Mrs. Lennox of 50 Beaconsfield avenue gave a cobweb party on Thursday evening. guests entered thoroughly into the fun of this very funny way of securing a nice prize to take

Letters received from Miss Milligan, daughter of Colonel Milligan, who is just now some where in North Africa or thereabouts, give a charming description of her visit to Gibraltar, where she was fortunate enough to find her father's old regiment quartered, and to enjoy the delightful hospitality of Colonel Gordon and the officers of the famous 42nd, known as the Black Watch.

A quiet wedding took place in Belleville on the afternoon of Christmas day at the residence of Mr. John Lance, uncle of the bride, the contracting parties being Miss Edyth Orre of Belleville and Mr. S. R. Graham of the Molson's Bank, Toronto. The marriage ceremony was conducted by the Rev. W. T. Graham of Ottawa, brother of the groom. Miss Pearl Orre, sister of the bride, gracefully performed the duties of bridesmaid, whilst Mr. C. M. Wilson of Toronto supported the groom. The happy couple left for the west on their honeymoon, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Graham will make their home in Toronto.

Miss Mair, sister of Mrs. G. T. Denison, who has been suffering from an attack of scarlet fever, is convalescing.

Mrs. Harry Symons, who has been for some time in Winnipeg, has returned to Toronto.

A large number of society people have witnessed Davenport's representation of Cleopatra at the Grand this week. On Tuesday evening the boxes were filled by several theater parties. and a large number of the elite occupied seats in other parts of the house.

Miss Sadd of 53 Avenue road left on Saturday to visit friends in Hudson, N. Y., with whom she will spend the next few weeks.

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club dance in the Pavilion takes place on Friday, January 15, and promises to be very successful. The society editor was so much impressed by the swiftness and impulse of their new emblem as to inadvertently set the date for their dance three days ahead of time in last week's paper.

The Grenadiers' Assembly, which takes place on January 12, will no doubt sustain the reputation of the gallant redcoats as the princes of hospitality.

On Saturday night last about fifty members of the Victoria Club and their friends sat down to a most enjoyable dinner given by the steward, Mr. Robert O'Hara.

Mr. A. St. Germain, one of Canada's oldest newspaper men, is at present touring the world. When last heard of he and his family were at Castle Corner, Ireland, the birthplace of Mrs. St. Germain.

Dr. Crawford Scadding has returned from a visit of some duration to Toledo and Detroit.

Dr. W. F. Chappell of New York city spent Chris' mas with his parents at 575 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. McCaul of Huron street gave a dinner party last evening

On Wednesday, Judge and Mrs. Osler entertained a party of friends at dinner at their resi-

dence, 35 Avenue street. Sir Adam Wilson was attacked by a stroke of paralysis on Saturday last and died on Tuesday evening. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on September 22, 1814, and came to Canada when scarcely sixteen years of age. He placed himself under articles in January, 1834, to the Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, at that time a partner of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. In Trinity term, 1839, he was called to the bar and entered into partnership with the Hon, Robert Baldwig, On Novemb he was appointed a Queen's Counsel along with Justices Hagarty and Gwynne. During the same year he was elected a bencher of the Law Society. In 1850 he was elected alderman of the city of Toronto, and four years thereafter he became mayor of the city, being the first chief magistrate elected by a popular vote. This position he held for two years. Mr. Wilson was offered the Solicitor-Generalship, which he accepted and held with a seat in the executive till 1863. On May 11, 1863, he was appointed a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench for Upper Canada. When Chief Justice Hagarty was transferred from the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Appeal, Chief Justice Wilson was appointed to succeed him as Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench Division. This position he held until Nov. 14, 1887, when, being worm out with his long and arduous labors, he re signed and retired into private life. On Dec. 20 of the same year he was knighted. About 1844 Sir Adam Wilson was married to a daughter of the late Thomas Dalton, which lady survives him. Sir Adam had no family.

Around Osgoode Hall the news was received with surprise and sorrow, and most profound sympathy was expressed for the bereaved widow and for the friends of the deceased. Sir Adam Wilson was held in the highest esteem both as a judge and as a gentleman, and only words of commendation and praise were to be heard. In civil matters his decisions were followed with the greatest confidence, and though in criminal matters he was ex ceedingly severe, yet criminals received the fairest possible trials, and the sentences passed upon them were those which His Lordship felt bound by conscience and duty to pass.

The Oriole Social Club hold their annual At Home in Webb's parlors on Wednesday, Janu-

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, who has just returned from New York, gave a charming musicale on Tuesday evening to the members of the Canadian Society of Musicians and other friends. A large number of the musical people of Toronto were in attendance, and a most delightful evening was spent. Several members of the society and others contributed to the success of the evening by vocal and instrumental selections, and the fair hostess herself played some delicious morceaux.

Dr. Garratt spent Christmas with his parents

Several members of the Cleopatra company are suffering from influenza, and two of the ladies have so far succumbed as to be obliged to return to New York. Their places are ably tilled, however, that as Koko has it, "they never will he missed."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Weeks of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Linton, at 551 King street west.

A most original and amusing entertainment was that given by Messrs. Pease & Milne to the Toronto Bicycle Club and their friends on Wednesday of last week. The cosy club house was filled with an interested audience, many of whom received Xmas presents from the depths of the magic box which "Jimmy Milne found in the woods." The evening concluded with a dance to the music of Neapolitano's

Mrs. John Cawthra of Beverley street gave an afternoon tea on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Henry Duggan gave a very pleasant euchre party on Saturday last.

A calico ball was given at the Arlington Hotel last Monday, under the direction of Mr. Percy Galt. The proceeds of the evening were donated to the poor fund of Grace church.

Among the numerous family parties which Christmas called together, was a very delightful family dinner given by Mrs. William Mulock, on December 25.

Mrs. (Dr.) McLene is visiting her mother, Mrs. East of 147 Gerrard street.

On Christmas Eve the guests of Miss Speers of 98 St. Patrick street presented her wi'h a handsome piano extention lamp and shade, very beautiful in design and workmanship, thus showing their appreciation of her generous attention to their comfort.

Mr. Frederic Roper, who recently resigned his position as secretary and auditor of the Great North-Western Telegraph Co., has been presented by his friends in that company with a gold watch. Mr. Roper having held his position for the past ten years will be very much missed. The directors on Wednesday passed a resolution recording their sense of Mr. Roper's valuable services.

Mr. M. F. Brown, the genial and popular president of the Ontario Coal Company, had a surprise on Christmas Eve by being waited on by the yardsmen and drivers of his firm, who presented him with a life size portrait of himself, accompanied by an address expressive of the great respect in which he was held and the good will that exists between himself and his employes.

Miss Amy Ince and Miss Roberts are visiting Miss Lundy of Peterborough.

The Christmas issue of the Trader, devoted to the interests of the jewelry trade, is by long odds the handsomest and best printed trade annual I have seen in Canada. It is a credit to Brother McNaught. The illustrations are exceedingly fine, the typograph and reading matter excellent, and altogether it compares favorably with the best issues of trade papers in New York and Philadelphia.

The Monetary Times sends out a pretty little souvenir in the shape of a pocket tablet. The inside covers are adorned with business maxims which cannot be disregarded. Like SATURDAY NIGHT the Monetary Times is one of the successful Canadlan weeklies, and it deserves its success insomuch as it spends money and gives every customer value. May its New Year be a happy and successful one.

Tools Get Moon-Struck

It is not generally known that the light of sun and the moon exercises a deleterious effect on edge tools. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears and the tool is rendered absolurely useless unless it is retempered. Purchasers should therefore be on their guard Purchasers should therefore be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and pedlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross cut saw is asserted to have been put put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon. sure to the moon.

CHRISTMAS SALE

Paris Kid Glove Store

Lined Gloves Lacing Gloves Derby Gloves Biarritz Gloves Driving Gloves Evening Gloves All the newest shades, in high colors, suitable for evening wear.

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Millinery

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is distinguished for its melodious, almost

No piano possesses such potent charm for listener and player alike. To know a Steck piano is to know the best the world produces.

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Knives and Forks

EWIS&

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TORONTO



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A girlish finish

Ordered

Fans and Other Fancies.

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toward extravagance in all details and accessories of the feminine toilet is carried possibly to its high. est pitch in the design and quality of the new evening fans. Gauze, lace and feath-

season out been reintroduced, remodeled in ornamentation, and recombined, until it seemed as though nothing new were left to be done. Something new has, however, been thought out, and the results are fearfully wonderful, beautiful, and fragile. On sticks of black, perfumed wood, fretted like lace by the carver's tools, are lightly stretched to left and right ribbed black gauze bat-wings, joined in the center of the fan to the slender black velvet body of a psculiarly life-like bat, whose downy head with neat little ears and jewel eyes, stands above the fan's top. This enchanting eventail when closed leaves the bat's body, claws, and head well outside the folds of the sticks, the gauze covering of which so overlaps as to resemble a bat's wings when folded. Needless to say, such a fan is not for use, but belongs to that rapidly in-creasing class of feminine bric-a-brac, to which the new parasols, card cases, gloves, purses and slippers must soon be added. A second original genius, run to earth in search of a novelty, has grasped at fur as the straw by which to save himself from ignominious defeat, and combining this with silk, velvet and kid, has produced some astonishing effects. On a silken background he has appliqued a troupe of unmistakable cats-furry tabbies and tommies, of every color and species. With a certain artistic inspiration, he portrays against a gray-blue silk background a basket of Maltese kittens, and on a folding fan of white satin a row of stately Angora felines. Feathers from the ostrich's plu my wings, even the irreverent novelty fiend dares not pervert from their proper, dignified, and most elegant use in fanmaking, and though gauze creations are attractive and real fur kittens have charms, no rightminded wom in would hesitate a moment be tween such empty lures and a superb sheaf of ostrich teathers. Six perfect plumes, eighteen inches long, are the exact number with which comite up the mest sump upus and satisfactory fan one can possess. These plumes, when mounted on smooth, heavy sticks of blonde shall, of the tortoise shell that is opalescent with deep, jewel-like tones, make the perfect fun-one that will last, with care, for years, and when laid away will form a charming heritage for appreciative posterity. White, b'ack, and gray are, any one, good tones in which to select feather fans. These are least likely to be copied in imitation feathers, and are always appropriate and harmonious for use with all gowns.

If you wish to give a young relative some pretty article of dress, choose for her a deep fall of white lace of open pattern, gathered to chiffon of a becoming color, with a collar band above of chiffon folds, to wear with various dresses in the house. Or she may need for the street a little fur cravatte of mink, showing the head, feet and tail of the small animal. Another useful gift is a hat pin of silver or gold, with a long stick pin to thrust through the hat and hair. A chiffon fan, in frills down each s'ick, or in crimped petals that represent a mumoth poppy or rose, is charming for young laties to carry in the evaning. A white veil of real applique lace, or one of excellent imitation thereof, is in favor for day wear. As one can-not have too many han ikerchiefs, a welcom e gift is a box of them, all of sheer linen with a trow quarter-inch hems, or more costly ones with fleurs de-lis or bow kots embroidered in eac's corner, or those of web-like fineness with narrow drawn work next the hem, or else a single lace trimmed mouchoir, to be used only on elaborate occasions, much like those h er mother carried in her own young days. Among odd novelties this season are slipper tips of silver or gold, with chased or repouss tions. They are easily adjustable to any slipper, and can be used to ornament plain slippers of satin or Suede kid-black, white or gray.

New vinaigrettes are small, stumpy bottles, convenient for carrying in the pocket; they look very plain, but are of the finest glass with gold that is set with precious stones in trefoil or flower-de-luce, or perhaps with a tiny watch instead. Lurge bottles for lavender salts are finely fired glass, with a gold stapple to lift out instead of being attached with a joint as were those of last year. Chatelains lockets in heart shape are made to hold one or two pic-tures; they are of silver, gold, or enamel. For children are small heart lockets of silver to be wern with a silver beat necklace, or on a rib bon around tho neck. For the tennis girl is a silver marker to wear as a chatel sine-a square slive: plate showing markers in livory. Silver and gold thimbles have tiny fleurs de-lis all over them, and some are set with turquoises instead of having the usual knurling.

Charmlagly simple evening dresses for young girls in their first sau on are of the soft white Japans ac rape that has deep crimson crinkles and very silky surface. They are mide with a below right neck and caught up high on the shoulders; the full skirt is gathered to the waist and barely touches the floor; two large puffs of chiffon form the slee ves and are held by a bow inside the elbow; white sating ribbon starts from a bow on the left shoulder, and passes in two rows under the right arm to end in a large Japanses bow in the back at the waist line. Other pretty gowns, all pink or all bilus, are of any soft French silk, satin, or bengaline. The bell skirt is bordered with a dark notted at intervals. The low round waist has has pace is landequate to, contain all the rank notted at intervals. The low round waist has has pace is landequate to, contain all the rank notted at intervals. The low round waist has he pace is landequate to, contain all the rank notted at intervals. The low round waist had have been ship and the rank proportion of the seat, and he lovingly takes up his calssors and clips and clips, and sights to think his space is landequate to, contain all the rank notted at intervals. The low round waist had been shoulder, a twist of chiffon with satin ribbon wound in to shoulder, a twist of chiffon and ribbon for trimoning the neck, and bunched-up chiffon sleeves. A girlish finish is given to the round waist by

satin ribbon five inches wide set on the front as a belt, then carried up in the back to the neck, and tied there in a bow with long ends that hang nearly to the end of the skirt.

Paris modistes make great use of mole-skin this season in its natural gray shade with soft, short, close pile like that of velvet. It is used for plastrons and girdles of cloth or silk gowns, and is a very effective trimming for cloth coa's of mauve and brown shades embroidered with

Mantles of vicuna wool in fawn and brown shades, trimmed with brown badger fur, are very stylish. LA MODE.

Song of the Candidate.

I am a candidate. The mighty ship of state, You see, needs mighty careful steering now I am a modest man, But better steersman than humble servant never turned a prow.

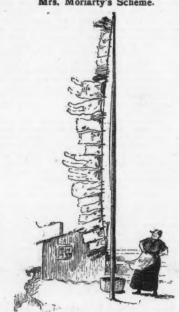
The people sigh for me,
Although, of course, they see
How shy and how retiring I am. They won't let me alone, Although I frankly own For office I don't give a tinker's dam.

S) I'm a candidate. Publicity I hate: But here I am before you, as you see, More certain every minute That the other chaps ain't in it-And, by the way, I hope you'll vote for me.

He Could be Useful. "You must stay at home to day," said the

humorist's wife.
"Why?"
"I am going to "I am going to stuff the turkey for to morrow, and I expect you to furnish the chestnuts."

Mrs. Moriarty's Scheme.



Mrs. M. (loq)—Shure, it's the great pity to be lavin' the illigant rope widout usin' all the toime barrin St. Pathrick's day and the Fourt', when it's the beautiful clothes line it makes.



The springs are numerous and the water is of all temperatures (from hot to cool), and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

There is no malaria there, and the location is delightful at any time of the year. The climate of that high altitude, is invigorating, rendering the baths doubly beneficial. Accommodations ample and reasonable.

References—Profs. W. S. Haines, W. H. Byford, A. Reeves Jackson, R. N. Isham, E. Andrews, D. R. Brower, T. S. Hoyne, Drs. J. J. Ransom, Chas. Gliman Smith, E. J. Doening, J. F. Todd, D. T. Nelson, T. C. Duncan, J. F. Danter, and others.

Write for book and see analysis of the water, and the many testimonials.

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value is not the amount of original matter it contains, but the average quality of all the matter appearing in its columns, whether original or selected."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be an swered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quetations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unles companied by coupons are not studied.

companied by coupons are not studied.

A. W.—The Star Spungled Banner, Ame.ica, and Yankee Doodle elbow each other off the pedestal. Why do you demand answer in "next issue". That is quite an unneccessary exertion. You take your turn

DIANA STAWARY—This writing lacks imagination and sympathy, but shows a careful, conscientious, and somewhat confiding disposition, not buoyant or very pushing, but even, just and aindly. Writer is a little impatient and uureasonable sometimes.

Josts —A very unkempt hand with a certain amount of power and originality, energy and hope, some ambition, carelessness and caprice, lack of judgment and sharpness of speech. I really can't study it any more, Josie, for I am sure it does you in justice.

Sara.—I find your letter among several which lacked the requisite coupon and were laid aside in consequence. You are idealistic, sympathetic, rather just than generous, conding, easily accommodating yourself to new circumstances. Your decision is rather fitful, but strong and you have tact and ability markedly visible.

Samper Paratus —You are hopeful, energetic, persevering, a little self-willed, warm hearted, fond of a good time, but prudent and not apt to let your heels run away with your head. You have a healthy self-esteem and are candid and constant and a somewhat blunt and inconsiderate but on the whole likeable fellow.

Prudence.—Your nom de plume suits you capitally.

on the whole likeable fellow.

PRUDENCE.—Your nom de plume suits you capitally.
You have idealism but not in ex ess, are rather careful and methodical, not very original, of even temperament, like your own way, your own opinions and your own belongings elightly better than your neighbor's sympathy and tact are small, but you are amiable and easy going and will make very few enemies. Writing lacks artistic taste and intuition.

BESSIE W.—Some refinement and decided snap and will are shown in your study. You are fond of talk and action, and like sociability, have elevated tendencies, and can accommodate yourself to circumstances, are rather hasty both in speech and sentiment. Are a person of moods, lacking self-control, and discipline. Have fits of decision and wavering, but on the whole make a good study.

and wavering, but on the whole make a good study.

CLEOPAREA—This is a careless and rather sharp tempered lady, by no means skin to her regal nom do plume. She has good energy, but it is not often expended for anyone but herself, her jadgment is good, in face, scellent, where her own advantage is concerned, she is refined in certain matters has some discretion, and very good decision. She writes for her characteristics that she may decide which of two lovers to chose as her husband. That idea, whether real or assumed, given a perfact clue to her character.

Jim (Buffalo)—I add your addriss, as your letter has lain a long time neglected, because no coupon was enclosed. Your writing shows wast energy, and impulse not always carefully directed. Your judgment is sometimes harsh, and your speech a little extravagent. But you are level headed, persistent, ap to hold on to anything you obtain, rather fo ad of life's good things, you have good power of magination, are a little extraviey, and would stand a good deal of guidance from wiser folks, but you are not easy to guide or advise.

Pasauurs—It would not be difficult to say something nice

imagination, are a little scorective, and would stand a good deal of guidance from wiser folks, but you are not easy to guide or adviss.

Parauts - It would not be difficult to say something nlos about your writing. It is very pleasing though it lacks finish of a certain sort. It shows facility, humor, consecutive thought, excellent judgment, a little conceit, a very socially inclined and compunionable nature, very firm decision and perseverance. You will probably carry out a project with unabated effort to the end. You are not hopeful nor ambitious, rather matter of fact and practical and would never count your chickens before they were hatched. As I said before your writing is very characteristic and your meth de are probably original.

Purple Hrather. — Your enclosure was peculiarly welcome. When I opened your letter my thoughts were in that far fair land and it seemed more than ordinarily a happy coloidence. 2 Hiswatha's cance was named "Cheemaun" (-ee Longfellow). 3. Writing shows adaptability, energy, self-will, carefulness, great persistence, (don't you hate to give up a plan? I would sometimes, though, rather than let it cost too much if I were you) You are a little inconstant, very good-tempered, rather open-hearted, though dicreet enough, and honest as the day is long. I think more determination and strength of urpose would fill out your character, but I believe you have time to get both before you, eh?

Burg. — I That depends upon ortnumstances. If they are respectable i lik and not vulgar or otherwise objectionable, and you meet frequently I don't see why you should not recogniz: them. However, that depends upon yourself. Some people prefer just their own little cicque, others have kindly sympathy and good will for all. 2. Will tell you ext week.

3. Your writing shows imagination, aff-citation, which might degenerate into falseness, a will obstinate, but still swayed by out it filence more than is healthy, subtion is slightly shown, tenacity, temper and perseverance are plain, care and a sense of h

nerve or self-control is wilful but winsome.

YELLOW ROSE.—1. It has been open for some weeks. The visitors' days are Tuesday and Saturday from 2 to 4 pm. 2 It is a very fine production. You should not do your thinking on the first state of the fif ir should have reassured you if you know anything about Toronto's better classes. 3. No, I am very much averse to using the church for any purpose but divine service. 4. We Two, In the Golden Days, A Knight Errant, are some of them. I prefer the latter to any others. Its tone is very pure and high. As you have read Donovan, you know E that Lyall's style. 5. I don't think I will delineate your writing as its seems in a transition stage and will no doubt change as well as your character in a few years' time.

LAS VEGAS, SANTA FE, ALBUQUERQUE, LAS CRUCES AND DUNING.

These lithia springs are easily accessible by the Santa Fe railroad, in about forty hours from Chicago in a luxurious coach and over a smooth roadbed.

The springs are numerous successible by the Santa Fe railroad, in about forty hours from Chicago in a luxurious coach and over a smooth roadbed.

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The Canadian Pacific Railway, having met with so much success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions at the success last winter in their "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions, have just completed arrangements with the Peninsular & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these. & Oriental S. N. Co. and the fast steamship lines on the trans-Atlantic route to run these "Around the World" excursions at the rate of \$610. This rate will apply in either direction, and for slight additional cost variation can be made in the route to travel over India, Egypt and Continental Europe. For further particulars apply to W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



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Evening silks come in here all right, do they not? We feel quite sure that we can please the taste of any lady looking for a silk of a fashionable shade. In giving here a few quotations let's tell you how exquisitely pretty is the line of Broche Silks in evening shades. We'd like you to see them, or if you live out of town drop a post card for samples.

Broche Por gee, colored, 22 in., 25:2 Broche, handsome evening shades, 65:2, \$1, \$1 25. Pongors, latest shades, 30:2 Pongors, figured designs, 45:2. Chinas, all colors, 25:2. Colored Fallies, 75:2, 90:2. Colored Bengalines, 90:2, \$1.25.

At the same counters are Black Silk Velvets, 85c., \$1, \$1.25 and Colored Silk Velvets, 65c., 85c., \$1.

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CHAPTER VII.

Mrr. Armitage remained in Clarges street with the Strangways until Christmas was over, and then she resolved to take a little pied-aterre of her own. However small it might be, she was certain that she would be happier in being independent. Arthur was sent to a public school where, like most English boys, he was soon contented enough, and Constance found a home in West Kensington at a low rental, which she felt would suit her requirements.

Rebecca saw no reason why her sister should

Rebecca saw no reason why her sister should not take up her residence permanently under her roof, but to this Constance would not agree. There were many points on which she and Rebecca differed, and it is rarely wise for very near relations to live together; as a rule, they are infinitely better friends agart.

But above and beyond all, there was one vital reason why Constance must have a home of her ewn. Little Evs. who was the apple of her mother's eye, had become quite a bone of contention since she had been beneath her aunt's roof. Mrs. Strangways was not accustomed to childien. She was not particularly fond of them and expected a uniform obedience and docility that she failed to find in Evs. That young lady was not a model child; she had been more or less spoiled all her life, and having been accustomed to an open-air freedom, she did not take kindly to the restrictions now imposed upon her. Constance felt that she would be entirely rained if this state of things were to continue.

"Eva is not a naughty child," she remarked

ing ocen accustomer. Constance felt that she would be entirely ruined if this state of things were to continue.

"Eva is not a naughty child," she remarked to her sister, when that lady had been enlarging upon the little girl's mischievous proclivities, "you cannot expect an old head on such young shoulders."

"My dear Constance, when I was a child I was made to behave myself. I had to sit still, whether I liked it or not; and I do not see why the children of the present generation should be allowed to do exactly as they please."

Mrs. Armitage made no reply. She knew that Eva was very far from perfect; but after all, her children were the two things on earth their mother loved, and their well-being would always come before every other consideration. A good deal of their furniture, with her own personal effects, was forwarded from Greystone, and for many days Constance was busied in making her new home bright and cheerful. At the end of the week she had settled down with a comfortable feeling that there was nothing more to be done, and that everything was very snug and cosy. Lord Hardstock had kept up the establishment precisely as in its lace owner's lifetime, and Pratt, who had been with Mrs. Armitage for some years, was most anxious to re-enter her tervice. It gave Constance a real rang to be o'liged to refuse, but the wages she had once given were far beyond her present resources, and she was disinclined to offer less, although indeed the woman was so devoted to her mistress that she would gladly have taken what she could afferd to give her. She therefore came to the con clusion that the matter was not to be thought of.

"But ma'am, you must have some body to do for you." Poor Pratt was really wounded. It was difficult to make her understand that Mrs. Armitage no longer required a maid, and she went away feeling both hut and anary. Perhaps Constance had never felt her loss of wealth so kenly as now.

One morning as she came down to breakfast she found a letter by her plate; it was from Lord Hardstock, and r

am sure, refuse to accept what after all is actually your own properly.

"Always sincerely yours,
"Hardstock."

Constance was troubled. No doubt the offer was k ndly meant and had been made with a good deal of tact. It was impossible that she could do anything but accept it in the same spirit, though she hated to place herself under any obligation to this man. It was gall and worm wood to her. Rebecca was loud in her praises when she heard of Lord Hardstock's liberality.

"Upon my word," sa'd she, "you are a most

"Upon my word," said she, "you are a most unreasonable woman. I cannot imagine what fault you have to find with the man. He is courtly and polished and handsome and would do a great deal more for you, if you would only let him."

That is precisely the point," said Constance ly. "I prefer not to accept benefits at his

Mrs. Strangways laid down her work and looked at her vister. "You know that he has let Greystone," she said. "Yes, Pratt told me. It does not much

"Yes, Pratt told me. It does not much signify who lives there, as I am never likely to cross its threshold again."

She sighed as she spoke, for it had been somewhat of a shock to learn that the preperty that should have been her boy's had actually passed into the rands of strangers.

"Do you know how long it is let for?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"This is what I mean, Constance," said Mrs. Strangways, impressively, as she felt the oc-

Strangways, impressively, as she felt the oc-casion demanded. "I mean that there can be only one interpretation to be put upon Lord Hards: ock's action in the matter. He has let

only one interpretation to be put upon Lord Hardstock's action in the matter. He has let Greystone for one year only, leaving it optional whether he returns there or not."

"How can that pessibly affect me?"

"You must indeed be blind if you cannot see that. Constance, you must surely know that it rests with yourself whether you ever go back to Greystone as mistress."

Mis. Armitage was too angry to make any reply; she was furious at Rebecca having hinted at such a possibility. With an effort she regained her self-control.

"Will you kindly ring the bell, and let Wilsen get me a hansom?" she said, as she rose from her cha'r. "I am going home."

During the three or four minutes that elapsed before the cah was at the door, the sisters sat in silence; and when Constance swept downstairs and out of the house with the coldest of good-byes on her lits, Mrs. Strangways realized that she had made a terrible mistake, and that despite her sister's weakne-s and gentleness she could be roused to a very good imitation of what she, Rebecca, called temper.

And as she drove home Constance pressed her white teeth on her under lip. "How dare she?" she crid. "How dare she suggest anything so horrible? What have I ever done that she should say such things to me?" Arriving home she put her latch-key in the door, walked quickly upstairs to the drawing-room, and s'ood face to face with Lord Hardstock. There he sat comfortably enconced in a big chair with Eva perched on his lap looking very much s'ood face to face with Lord Hardstock. There he sat comfortably enconced in a big chair with Eva perched on his lap looking very much at nome. What was Constance to do? There was but one thing possible—to hold out he hand in greeting. But there was no warmth in her manner, and she carefully refrained from expressing anything but surprise at seeing him. Ste unbuttoned her glove and sat down, wondering how long he intended to stop, and almost as if he read her thoughts he said, "I have been waiting more than an hour to see you. I am only passing through town, as I am off to Monie Carlo."

Constance breathed more freely.

Constance breathed more freely.
"Lord Hardstock would not have tea with

me, mamma, because the said it was nearly your dinner time," said Eva.

"I am afraid so," began Constance nervously.
"You are going out this evening? What a disappointment! I had hoped for a couple of hours' chat, as I shall be off too early to-morrrow morning to see you again."

Constance resigned herself to the inevitable. She told Lord Hardstock that she was going nowhere, and that if he would join hir simple meal she would be pleased, and then she went upstairs wearily to lay her bonnet aside and to reflect how awkwaidly things had turned out.
"Well, it cannot be helped." she said aloud, as she smoothed her ruffled hair. "It is better that he should remain an hour or two now than come again to-morrow."

As I have already said, Lord Hardstick was a brilliant conversationalist—to man living could be more charming and amiable than he when he had a motive for being so, and tonight he was at his best. In spite of herself Constance was amused and entertained. By neither word nor look did he offend, scrupulously careful to steer clear of any dangerous subject, and after Eva had gone to bed instead of going away as Mre. Armitage expected him to do, he sat down at the piano and sang several songs and sang them remarkably well.
"You did not know I could sing?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye, noting her astonishment.
"No, indeed, I did not."

ment.

"No, indeed, I did not."

"I wonder if you know very much about me in any respect, Mrs. Armitage? Ah, I have led a curious life. I have been face to face with starvation more than once, and if anyone had told me that I should wake up some fine morning and find myself rich and still be unsalisited and discontented, I should have thought it a good joke. And yet that day has come."

"Sing me something else," said Constance quickly.

He smiled and turned again to the piano.

"Or ce long ago when the cent of the roses
Lay in the light of the glad summer day,
Someone I loved gathered one snow-white blose
And gave it to me as his ship salled away.

"He said but one wo:d, my darling, my darling.
I love you as dearly as e'er man loved yet,
So ever since then the scent of the roses
Awakes in my heart a strange throb of regret.
Ever since then, ever since then,
Ever since then, love, ever since then."

Ever since then, love, ever since then."

There were trars in Constance's eyes when the last note of Hope Temple's beautiful song died away. She was vexed with herself that she should be so moved.

Lord Hardstock strolled over to the fire. "You are not looking well—a town life does not suit you."

"On the contrary I am in excellent health. I get a good deal of exercise one way and another."

'But you must miss the pure Norfolk air?"
'No, I don't think I do, and I am very fond It was ten o'clock before Lord Hardstock took

It was ten o'clock before Lord Hardstock took his leave. Constance was surprised to find it was so late.

"I hope I have not outstayed my welcome." he said as he held the slim fingers in his own. And Constance almost blushed as she recalled her ungraciousness. She had never liked him so well before, or rather had never disliked him so well before, or rather had never disliked him so little. Satan can sometimes pass as an angel of light, and Lord Hardstock was not only a well-bred man, but he was quite clever enough to make the most of an opportunity. He had set his heart upon winning the love of this woman, and he was determined to move Heaven and earth to ensure his success.

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Strangways might be forgiven for calling her sister inconsistent when she heard of that tete-a-tete dinner, as she did from Lord Hardstock's own lips. Constance doubtless had her reasons for acting thus, but it certainly looked odd.

"I confess I do not understand," said she to Mr. Strangways, "why Constance should have marched out of my house in that high and mighty fashion, simply because I hinted that Lord Hards ock was in love with her, and then have gone home and spent the evening alone with him."

But Mr. Strangways, poor man, had long ago given up all hope of fathoming the vagaries of the gentler sex, and contented himself with mildly shaking his head. His sister-in-law was a woman, and therefore in his mind an unreasonable animal.

"She wile applain her motives, I dare say," he remarked blandly with the landable it in the landable in the second and the same and the property of the propagation of the same and therefore in his mind an unreasonable animal.

"She will explain her motives, I dare say,' he remarked blandly, with the laudable inten

mind an unreasonable animal.

"She wil explain her motives, I dare say," he remarked blandly, with the laudable intention of pouring oil upon the troubled waters. But that is exactly what Crastance did not do; indeed, she never referred to the subject at all, and consequently Rebecca waxed wroth, and at length could keep silent no longer.

"We are going to dine at Sir George Foster's to norow," she remarked, as she and her sister were driving together in the Park (Sir George was a famous judge, and since their student days had been a great friend of Mr. Strangways). "I do wish you could have gone with us, you would have enjoyed if I think."

"I very much doubt it," said Constance with a laugh. "I know what those dinners are, tiresome and tedious in the extreme."

"You would at least have met one cor genial spirit," said Rebecca, somewhatsharply. "Lord Hardstock is going to be there."

Constance blushed guiltily.

"I thought—that is to say, I understood that he had gone to Monte Carlo," she stammered.

"Did you? That is curious, for as a matter of fact I believe he did intend going there, had not some unexpected business cropped up to keep him in town."

Mrs. Armitage's heart sank; she regretted her cordiality and civility now that she found that Lord Hardstock was to be at her right hand. She felt secure believing that he would be miles away. But in reality she had nothing to fear. Lord Hardstock was far too astute to push beyond proper limits any advantage he might have gain d. He did not appear at the little menage in West Kensington for hore with who would not have been happy if the rose leaves of existence did not hold some thorns, and Constance's affairs promised a fertile ground for grumbling. The vexed point which now troubled her was the lonely life her sister was leading.

"In the first place it is not good for you, Constance," she remarked one day, "and more.

to the sep him in town."

Mrs. Armitage's heart sank; she regretted her cordiality and civility now that she found that Lord Hardstock was to be at her right hand. She felt secure believing that he would be miles away. But in reality she had nothing to fear. Lord Hardstock was far too asture to be miles away. But in reality she had nothing to fear. Lord Hardstock was far too asture to be might have gain id. He did not appear at the little menage in West Kensington ftr. more than a fortnight, and when he did appear he came under Mrs. Strangways wing.

Rebecca was one of these individuals so often to be met with who would not have been happy if the rose leaves of existence did not hold some the horns, and Constance's affairs promised a fertile ground for grumbling. The vexed point which now troubled her was the lonely life her sister was leading.

'You wrote to Lord Hardstock, esched constance, she remarked one day, "and more in the strangman of the strangman of the she appears to be exactly what you relid to with one? I could not endure to have anytody at my heels all day long."

'You wrote to Lord Hardstock, esched to be met with who would not have been happy if the rose leaves of existence did not receive Mrs. Fallile, or to take in this person! I confess it puzzles me."

'I' not he first place it is not good for you. Constance, she remarked one day, "and more in the first place it is not good for you if the she appears to be exactly what you felt does not look well. You ought to have anytody at my heels all day long."

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'I' have saw her in my life, but from what I am told she appears to be exactly what you felt does not look well. You ought to have anytody at my heels all day long."

'You wrote to Lord Hardstock, esched to have anytody at my heels all day long."

'I' need to the provide of th

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to do anything for Eva's good, but she felt that if the child must be taught she herself was the proper person to undertake the task. Then, too, it was annoying that this discussion should have taken place in the presence of a stranger, and she could not but consider that her sister was wanting in tact to have introduced it.

"There is ample time for study in Eva's case," she said quietly. "At present I see no occasion for either governess or companion."

"It is a pity you should set your face against it," answered Mrs. Strangways. "You are strangely perverse at times, Constance."

"Am I? Well, you see, this is a matter in which I may perhaps be pardoned for considering myself the best judge."

"I fail to see your reasons."

"There is one reason apart from everything else that would preclude all possibility of such a thing. With my present income I could not afford it."

"That need not stand in the way, my dear Mrs, Armitage, if you will permit me to discuss the matter with you," said Lord Hardstock." I know of a charming woman who would be only too delighted to give her services in exchange for a home such as this would be. She is a lady in every sense of the word, and I am sure my little friend here would love her dearly," he continued, bestowing a kiss on Eva, who, small coquette as she was, hung her head bashfully, and then flung her arms round his neck and returned the embrace with interest.

"Your friend may be a model of all the virtues," said Constance coldly, "but I do not intend to engage anybody. I could not possibly accept services for which I paid nothing; and, as I have already told you, my present expenses forbid me to add another member to my household."

"In that case there is no more to be said," answered Lord Hardstock

household.'
"In that case there is no more to be said,"

nousehold.

"In that case there is no more to be said," answered Lord Hardstock.

"I repeat that I should very much dislike any such arrangement."

"Ah! if you could only see Miss Baillie you would change your mind," said Lord Hardstock eagerly. "I am sure you would find her perfectly charming. The idea has only occurred to me since we have been sitting here. But if it could be arranged, it would be a positive boon to her, poor girl, for her income is now so small since the death of her father (who by the way was colonel of the 100th Hussars), that it is absolutely necessary she should find a home. It is really a great pity."

"Yes," said Mrs. Armitage softly, "no doubt it is a pity." And she adroitly turned the conversation into another channel and neither Lord Hardstock nor her sister had an opportunity of referring to the subject again.

But this was by no means the last that Con-

But this was by no means the last that Constance was to hear of it. On the principle that constant dropping must wear away a stone. Mrs. Strangways instilled into Constance's mind on every possible occasion the risk that little Eva ran of acquiring vulgar hat its from intercourse

every possible occasion the risk that little fiva ran of acquiring vulgar halt is from intercourse with the servants, and as spring came round. Mrs. Armitage began to realize that the child was left to herself a good deal, and was growing more wilful and less amenable to control every day. But she hated to have a stranger about her, and yet for Eva's sake she was prepared to make any sar rifice.

And so at last Mrs. Strangways carried her point. Constance would not have a companion for herself, but it might be better that her little girl should be under the care of a kind, good woman, who would watch over her and check her faults, as po'r Constance with a deep sigh acknowledged that she was incapable of doing. But it was a very great concession, and having made it. the felt desperately inclined to revoke her promise.

"Understand one thing, Rebecca," she said to her sister, a day or two later. "I will my self choses the person to whom Leature the

The child had joined forces with the enemy and Constance was routed. Miss Baillie was not in the very least like what Mrs. Armitage had expected her to be. Nothing had been said about her personal appearance and Constance had pictured her as tall, gaunt and masculine, but Emily Baillie was a beautiful blonde, rather under than over the medium height, with heavy masses of sunny hair and large brown eyes, and her voice was that most excellent thing in women—low and sweet. Ste gave Constance the impression of being much younger than she really was. It was a case of veni, vidi, vici.

younger than she really was. It was a case or vent, vidi, vici.

"I sincerely trust that I have not done a foolish thing," said Mrs. Armitage to herself that same night, when Miss Baillie's winsome face and caressing voice had ceased to charm. "But they all seem to wish it, and, after all, it is not irrevocable, for at any moment I can retire from my bargain. If Eva is happy and contented that is the main thing."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX.

During the weeks that followed, Mrs. Armitage was compelled to confess that the governess was a success looked at from every point of view—all that could possibly be desired. Under her influence Eva became tractable and docile. The child's fits of passion were things of the past; she was bright and happy and devoted to her new friend. For once in her life Constance acknowledged that her sister had been wiser than she, and half hesitatingly thanked Lord Hardstock for having sent such a treasure.

Rebecca held up her head with that affecta

Rebecca held up her head with that affectation of superiority she to often assumed when talking to her sister.

"Your fondness for your child completely blinds you to her many faults," she said. "It is a happy thing for her that we inter'ered, or assuredly she would have been entirely spolled."

Atout the middle of March came an invitation from Gerald Armitage. Would Constance go to Paris, and spenia month with them? It was a tempting offer.

"Daphne is longing to be introduced to her sister in-law," wrote Gerald. "You shall be as quiet as you please—only come."

quiet as you please—only come."
"If Miss Baillie were not here it would be impossible to leave Eva," reflected Constance,
"but as it is I really do not see why I should

"If Miss Baillie were not here it would be impossible to leave Eva," reflected Constance, "but as it is I really do not see why I should not go."

Rebecca was not very enthusiastic over the ides. She hinted that it was rather too soon to think of going into society again.

Her sister's opposition determined Constance. She felt that it would be a real relief to get away for a time, and so she resolved to accept her brother-in-law's invitation. After she had penned her note to him she sat irresolutely biting the top of a pen, and unable to make up her mird whether to write a certain other letter or not. For if she was going to Paris she would of course see Basil St. Quentin, and she told herself that he would not take it kindly if she did not let him kuow that she was going. She had had three or four letters in as many months. He was not a good correspondent, but somehow Constance reading between the lines was well satisfied with what they told. Finally she dashed off a hasty line and sent the two letters out at once to be posted.

With all the contrariety of woman, Mrs. Armi age felt somewhat hurt that Eva showed so little emotion at the prospect of her mother's departure, when as a matter of fact she ought to have been relieved, since it undeniably made things smoother. And yet the foolish woman had some difficulty in restraining a tear. The truth is, children were slaves in the pa-t and are slaves up to the present moment. If they are happy they rarely look ahead, and Miss Bailile had alre ady mad-such admirable use of her opportunities that her little pupil was devoted to her. She could dress dolls and make funny old women out of bread-crumbs, with scarlet cloaks and baskets on their backs to hold matches, and she could sing quaint nursery ditties that delighted Eva, and she was pretty to look at. Five years old asks for nothing beyond.

There was one person who in common with Mrs. Srangways would have put a veto on this visit if he dared, and that person was Lord Hardstock. During the month that Miss Bailie

thing else.

The afternoon b. fore she left town she found him in her sister's drawing room. She had wished Rebecca good-bye, and it was quite an afterthought that she had gone to C'arges street at all, but having forgoiten a certain commission she took Eva and her governess and drove over in the pony carriage.

Lord Hardstock was alone in the room when she went in.

she went in.
"I was coming to see you to night," he sald,
with quite an aggrieved air. "I think you

might have let me know you were going out of

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"Why should I?" answered Constance, with a laugh. "I did not suppose you would be particularly interested in my movements."
"I often wonder if you have the least idea how much pain you inflict upon me by affecting an ignorance respecting my feelings towards you."

Constance drew herself up and looked him full in the face. "I am at a loss to unders' and what you can possibly mean," she said icily. At that moment to her inexpressible relief Mrs. Strangways entered the room, and the conversation became general. When she rose to go Lord Hardstock accompanied her do wnsta'rs, and helped her into the carriage, shak-



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you my cor husband of r was all a mi and you to so Now, I show Now, I show Now, I show the matter r with us, and with me, till ple began to the was the tin with us. Si land, and I tand she didn't hink that w with us was a jealou anyone else tried to cuid did she do! T wo have the while, "said while," said going to take us alone, and it and how p hard things; though. Yo Ryde last s brother, who Mr. and M Gra'iot, and

ang hands with Miss Baillie and pinching Eva's soft chock, and when he had tucked the rugs closely about her he bent his head humbly.

"May I come and make my peace this evening?" Constance colored, conscious that the eyes of the governess were fixed upon her.

"I a neorry that I shall not be at home tonight," she said.
"S I will say good by e now, Lord Hardstock."

Her fingers rested on his for a second only, and feeling considerably snubbed and crestfallen, Lord Hardstock went back to Mrs. Strangways. That lady was becoming quite an ally of his. Truth to tell, she felt sorry for him, believing that her sister was coquetting in a way that she could never have credited, and she was ready to do anything in her power to further his love suit, and Lord Hardstock was duly grateful. Constance drove home at a pice she rarely indulged in, flicking her whip over Judith's satin coat in a way wholly unfamiliar to the gray mare. She was very angry. Lord Hardstock seemed irrepressible. It seemed impossible to make him understand that his attentions were unwelcome.

"If it were for no other reason than to rid myself of him I should be glad to leave Lon don," she said to herself, and on the morrow she left by the mid-day train.

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myself of film I sudult be gift and on the morrow she left by the mid-day train.

"Yes, it's very pleasant. I do precisely as I like, but it is the least bit embarrassing at times to parry questions. That pleasing little fiction about my father, for instance—the colonel of the 100th Hussars—I could laugh when I think of it." The speaker was Emily Baillie, and her companion, Lord Hardstock.

Mrs. Armitage would have been very much astonished could she have seen her governess curied up on a couch in Lord Hardstock's rooms in the Albany with a cigarette between her lips. But luckily for some of us sinners, the instrument has not yet been invented that enables our friends and acquaintances to see over the miles of space that the telephone bridges. And so Emily Baillie smoked on in a bit sful security.

"It is too funry," said the girl, with a low musical laugh, as she lay and watched the rings of smoke above her head. And then her thought went back to the night, some six menths ago, when she had first seen Lord Hardstock. The Ambassadeurs in the Champs Elyaees had been crowded, and Emily in virgin white, very decollete but decidedly bawitching, had trilled forth her song, which truth compils me to admit was somewhat risky.

Lord Hardstock was charmed, and when my simple the rolled of Faul," as she was called in the programme, real the word or two handed to her by her dresser, she quietly put on her hat, adjusted her veil, and wrapping a cloak round her joined her latest admirer with the utmost sang/roid.

The acquaintance thus begun ripened and expanded into a very fair limitation of what in the latter part of the nineteenth century passes current for love; anyhow it was so at least on Lord Hardstock's side. He swore that he could not live withou: E nily, and that he had never been so hard hit before and he managed at least to convince Mademoiselle de Fanu that he was sinere, as he dubtless was.

That young lady's vanity was tickled. Her new conquest commended itself to her. She was tantalizing and bewildering and—

in his society. Lord Hardstock, of course, regurded the idea as utterly absurd. But Madenoisella de Fanu professed to take an entirely different view.

"Way should you not marry ma?" she argied. "I an fairly well educated, and I should pass muster in society. You would never be ashumed of me, although I was born in a circus tent, and understand jumping through the hoops and the haut ecote. Ah, those were jolly days! How I hated Aunt Tabitha when sha 'rescued' me, a sha persisted in calling it, and sent me to school, where I was licked into shape and taught manners; but I have since learned to be grateful to her, although I shall always be more or less a Bohemian. It is in the blood, I suppose."

"You will always be a beautiful woman, Enlly," Lord Hardstock answered admiringly, and then he changed the conversation. The subject of matrimony was not at all to his taste. This was in the first golden days of August, and he had contrived never to lose sight of her since. She interested him, and he was never insensible to the charm of a beautiful face, and at last he pro nised to marry her. O course he never had the slightes? Intention of keeping his word, but the promise successfully satisfied any misgivings Emily herself might have had, and she was perfectly content. And then Lord Hardstock suddenly discovered that this girl might be made very useful to him, and on the pretense of wishing her to associate with that society she would ultimitely enter, he persuaded her to accept her present position in Mrs. Armitage's household. "You like your life then?" asked Lord Hardstock after a pause.

"Like it," she echoed. "If you were sent to pison would you like it?"

"It will not less tong," said he. "You must be patient, my darling."

"All the same I do "it see the use of it. It is hrrible being on probation, as it were."

"You shall not stop aday longer than you wish."

"It is so dull," said Emily, with a yawo."

"It is so dull," said Emily, with a yawn. There are no visitors except women, and not my of them,"

"It agrees with you nevertheless." Lord Hrdstock's eye traveled down the beautiful fluore in its clinging draperles, and its rounded contours and voluptuous curves. "A lazy life

saits you."
"I warn you that it won't suit me for long," she cried rebelliously. "You will have to marry me soon, Rapert, or—"
"There is no need for threats," he said sulkily. "Wheatharitharight time comes I shall keep my word."

(To be Continued.)

May Molesworth's Manœuvres.

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"Now, Kit, you don't mean to tell me that you are still hankering after Tom Carroll?"
"I'm afraid I am, May," returns Kitty Nes-bitt with a sign. "I'm afraid I am, May." returns Kitty Nesbitt with a sigh.
"But how was it that he didn't come up to your expectations last year at Ryde," inquires Mrs. Molesworth. "Why, we all thought you were engaged, and I was just going to send you my congratulations when in walked that husband of mine and coolly informed me that it was all a mistake, and Tom had gone to Canada and you to some unpronouncable Welsh place. Now, I should like to know what on earth was the matter?"

Now, I should like to know what on earth was the matter?"

"Well." says her cousin dejectedly, "it was just this way: All the summer at Ryde he was yachting, and driving, and going sverywhere with us, and gradually he came more and more with me, till at last it was always me, and people began to notice it—I know they did. That was the time Jessie Nicholson came to stay with us. She had met him before, up in Scotland, and I think he paid her a little attention, and she didn't like being put aside for me. I think that was how it began."

"Very likely," says May. "Jessie always was a jeslous sort of girl, and just as sure as anyone else got any attention she invariably tried to cut her out. Well, go on! What did she do?"

"Oh, she didn't do anything for a little

did she do?"

"Oh. she didn't do anything for a little while," said Kitty. "She soon saw he wasn't going to take any notice of her, so she just left us alone, and I thought how nice she was about it and how perhaps we had said undeservedly hard things about her. I was soon undeceived though. You know there were a lot of us at Ryde last summer, the Collis girls and their brother, who was home on leave from India. Mr. and Mrs. Retter and her sister, Miss Gra'iot, and the Warrens had a party on their

yacht, the Daphne. Well, it got to be so at last that Tom Carroll was never away from my side, and I didn't know quite what to do. If I submitted I had to bear people's remarks, and if I sent him off he is just the sort of man to think I didn't want him, so I was perplexed to know which was the wisest course for me to take. Finally, I let things go just how they would, for I knew he cared for me and I thought it would be all right in a few days. And so I believe it would only for Jessie. I noticed first one and then another came up and congratulated me on being engaged to Tom, and though I of course denied it strenuously, they wouldn't believe me because Jessie had told them, and, naturally, as she was my cousin she must know, they said. At last, one evening we had all been to hear the band on the pier, and Tom walked home with me as usual. When we got in I ran upstairs to put away my hat and when I came down I saw him looking like a thunder cloud in the hall, and he never spoke to me again all evening except to say good night, and after that he never once came near me, but used to go off with Jessie or one of the Collis girls."

"Had Jessie said anything then to make

after that he never once came hear me, but used to go off with Jessie or one of the Collis girls."

"Had Jessie said anything then to make mischief?" asked Mrs. Molesworth. "Did you ever find out what it was?"

"Yes," answered Kitty. "Mrs. Warren spoke to me about it, and said she heard Jessie and Miss Gratiot congratulate Tom on his engagement to me, and when he denied it, Jessie laughed and told him not to talk nonsense, as Kitty had told them all about it. He asked if I had really said I was engaged to him, and Jessie said: 'Yes, some days ago, and I had said I would be married at Cristmas, and asked her to be bridesmaid. Mrs. Warren sa'd he looked so angry and said to the girls: 'I ree uest, young ladies, that you will deny this report. I have not the honor to be engaged to Miss Nesbitt, nor is it likely now that I ever shall, and then he walked off, and Mrs. Warren was so bewildered she didn't know what to think, for Jessie had told her just the same."

"Well," says May Molesworth viciously, "if I just won't do my best to get even with Jessie Nicholson for your sake. I don't care if she is forty times our cousin!"

"But what can you do?" asks Kitty.

"Never you mind," says May. "I don't know what I'll do yet, but I'll do something you may be sure."

"If you could get back Tom for me," says poor

what I'll do yet, but I'll do something you may be sure."

"If you could get back Tom for me," says poor little Kitty, "that would be the thing. If I could once see him and explain, or you explain, I feel sure it would all be right."

"I don't know," says May slowly, "I haven't much fatth in explanations unless they are impromptu ones; they never turn out the way you want them to. And now don't ask me any more questions, I am going to think this out."

The immediate result of Mrs. Molesworth's maditations was a short conference with Mr. Molesworth, and a small pile of innocent-looking letters on the hall table waiting for post time.

meditations was a short conference with Mr. Molesworth, and a small pile of innocent-looking letters on the hall table waiting for post time.

"Dear me," sald Kitty next morning, as she noticed these last, "what a scribe you are getting to be, May; you'll want a secre'ary soon. Wnom are they all to?" and she began turning them over.

"Oh, I am just making up the party for our shooting box this autumn," said May carelessly. "Why you've asked Tom Carroll," says Kitty in an astonished voice. "I didn't know he was in England. Oh, and Jessie Nicholson!" and she looked doubtfully at her cousin.

"All right," returns that young woman cheerfully; "don't be a'armed my dear. Just leave them to me; I'll manage them and you, too. And now the best thing you can do is to look over your gowns and get your-self up in your most bawtiching style for the occasion, and I will just come and superintend to see that your turnout shall be faultless," which they at once proceeded to do, May knowing full well that though aman affect to despise the great question of dress, still in general he pays must attention to the best gotten-up damsel, always provided she is a cheerful young person (another subject for a lecture from May, for Kitty, though the dearest little girl in the county, was apt to look somewhat woe-begone at times). However, between May's advice and admonitions, it was a bright, smart and pretty Kitty that stepped out of the train on to the little wayside station ons August after noon, and so thought three people awaiting her in a dogcart, though with very widely differing appreciations of the same.

"Your train was twenty minutes late," said Jessie, wishing Kitty had got on anything but that most bewitching gray gown, which brought on her an approving glance from Tom Carroll's dark eyes. However, she consoled herself by thinking she would have Tom all to herself on the back seat of the dogcart during their nine mile drive to Inverlethie, but Tom somehow didn't seem as interested as she could have wished. He appeared to be

her cousin. "Kit." said Mrs. Molesworth, in an impres-

claimed Kitty as she ran up the steps to greet her cousin.

"Kit," said Mrs. Molesworth, in an impressive though hearty whisper, "if you will only look like that for the next month. I'll undertake to promise you your heart's desire at the end of it."

Kitty bravely tried her very best during the next week, and a very good "best" it was, thanks to her naturally happy disposition and her pretty frocks. Besides, Kitty had sat down and taken counsel with herself. She had realized that she was as one who plays a skil'ful game for high stakes, the said s'akes being her life's happiness, and it behooved her to be well on her guard against surprises, as any betrayal of her real feelings would certainly cause her to lose ground, so she was bright and cheery to all, and treated To n Carroll in a most admirable. unconsclously friendly fashion, ignoring the past as though it had never been. He was a little puzzled, and at the same time somewhat relieved, for he had not promised himself an altogether agreeable visit when he heard of Kitty's expected arrival. Jessie, too, was a little at a loss. She had not looked for it that Kitty would take things quite in this fashion, and there was no use trying to make war with such a cheerfully indifferent young person as she was proving herself. At first she tried to elicit some expression or depression of feeling from her by cleverly annexing Tum on various occasions. but Kitty apparently did not see it or care if she did, she only chartered away merrily to the next person that came along, and so Jessie was folled again. Only two persons understood the real state of affairs and anxiously watched the game the two girls were playing so silently and warlly—Jessie for vanity and worldly advantage, and Kitty with desperate earnestness for love. Those two were May Molesworth and her brother Johnny Walsh. And what about Carroll himself? He of course being the person most interested was the most in the dark. Kitty's natural modesty and her complete obliviousness of the former state of things

the day-time at sli events. At last the Glorious Twelfth dawned, and Tom, like all the rest, forgot all other interests than those of sport, for the main part. Jessie was an enthusiastic sportswoman, and tramped over moor and fen, regardless of torn, muddy skirts and wet boots, along with three or four other ladies. Kitty, to her own disgust, could not share these delights, but unknowingly she scored considerably when she appeared in her pretty, blue serge with the rest of the luncheon party, looking so fresh and neat and womanly in contrast to the sporting ladies' rather disheveled appearance. When they came home at night, too, dirty and tired, it was a pretty and cosy sight to see May and Kitty with their femininely-minded friend, round the dainty tea table, or on chilly evenings (for even in August there are chilly evenings sometimes in the Scotch moors) round the blazing logs on the wide old hearth.

After a few days the excess of zeal after sport, Jeanne a littlemedia.

hearth.

After a few days the excess of zeal after sport occame a little modified and the men began to think of something else beside shooting exploits after they reached home in the evenings, and little by little keen-eyed Kitty noticed that Johnny Walsh, hitherto her favorite cousin and sworn comrade, began to desert her a little for Jessie. It likewise surprised and embarrassed Jessie a little, for she found if inot so easy to make good play with Tom, as Johnny generally suntered up at the wrong the surprised and embarrased Jessie a little, for she found if inot so easy to make good play with Tom, as Johnny generally suntered up at the wrong the surprised and embarrased Jessie a little, for she found in little and sufficiently and the surprised and rather to Kitty's edition of the surprised on, till May saw that the time for action was coming and decided to make her final coup, none too soon either. Jessie, realizing that she recould never make more out of Tom Carroll than a passing flirtation, had begun to cool off a little and smile sweetly on Johnny. Kitty's spirits were flagging a little under the strain more difficult each day, and the object of all their machinations himself appeared restless and uneasy, and he got into a way of looking him, and May not when she was not observing him, and May not when she was not observing him, and May not when she was not observing him, and May not when she was not observing him, and May not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observing him, and way not when she was not observed to be she was

himself down for two or three dances, and departed straight for Jessie, who m he engaged for the same two dances that Tom Carroll had asked Kitty for. The little affair was an undoubted success, thought May, with pardonable pride; the guests had all come; the music—two violins, a harp and piano—was much better than she expected; there were plenty of gentlemen, and cook was an old-tried friend who never gave her any uneasiness on the score of supper. She looked round, Johnny was dancing away with Kitty and they were just starting again, for a final brilliant round of a polka. "Come along Bob," said Mrs. Molesworth to her husband as he came up to her, "this is too good to lose" and away they went circling just after Johnny and his partner. "Bob, whispered May hurriedly, but decisively, "trip up Johnny."

"Wny?" said her astonished sponse.

"Because I tell you," said May. "Now do." So Bob, seeing there was "something in the wind," as he expressed it, passed the couple, a flash from May's eyes into Johnny's, a touch from Bob's foot, and down went the luckless cavalier, lady and all. "Bob" murmure i his lady "you're a complete darling." In an instant both were on their feet again and the music ceased. Johnny led off Kitty into the sitting room to recover the shock and apologize to her for his awkwardness and hoped she was not hurt, but she was only a little shaken, and by the time he had fetched her some claret-cup, the music struck up again and he had to go. Just as he left, to claim Jessie, Tom came in to look for Kitty.

"How are you now, Miss Nesbitt?" said he. "None the worse of your fall I hope?"

"She was a bit shaken," said Johnny.

"Better take her out into the cooler air," he said, indicating the conservatory; 'I must go, my partner is waiting." He vanished, while Tom asked Kitty if she would not rather be out of the heat and noise, to which she gladly assented, as her head had begun to aches slightly. They had sat in the conservatory; 'I must go, my partner is waiting." He vanished, while Tom asked Kitty

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roll she is sure to be all right," said Jessie with

roll she is sure to be all right," said Jessie with a sarcastic little laugh.

Kitty, at this remark, felt inclined to turn and fly back to the ball-room, but to do so would be to reveal her presence to Jessie, and having Tom with her, she did not care to meet her mocking glance. Tom himself was now standing up, apparently listening, and did not look as if he meant to go.

"What makes you say that?" inquired Johnny. "14 Kit sweet on Carroll?"

"Well, she used to be, if she isn't now," answered Jessie. "At Ryde, last year, they were inseparable."

"How was it then that nothing came of it?" said Johnny, who was leading Jessie on beautifully.

said Johany, who was leading Jessie on beautifully.

"Well, I believe I am to blame for that," replied Jessie. "I thought it time to show her she couldn't have everything her own way, so I put a spoke in her wheel for her."

"Now did you!" said Johany in an ad niring tone. "You're a pretty smart girl; how did you do it?"

"Oh! it was easy enough" said Jessie.

doit?"

"Oh! it was easy enough," said Jessie.
"He's one of those a wfully particular fellows you know and intensely proud, so all I had to do was to congratulate him on his engagement to Kitty and intimate pretty piainly that the information had come from her, and the thing was done. Of course he wouldn't look at Kitty after that, and I had it all my own way."

"Rather rough on Kit, I should think," remarked her confidant, who was inwardly raging over Kitty's wrongs, and longing to tell Jessie what he thought of her, "and, by Jove, I will yet," he said to himself.

"Oh, well!" replied his fair companion non-chalantly, "she shouldn't have got in my way, then."

chalantly, "she shouldn't have got in my way, then."

"There's the next dance beginning." said Johnny, who was dying to get away from her now that he had got all out of her he wished.

"All right." said Jessie, "my partner will be looking for me, I suppose," and they returned to the dancing room. But there was no thought of dancing on the minds of the two in the conservatory. Tom Carroll took Kitty's unresisting hands in his and tried to read her downcast face. "Kitty, is this true?" he asked.

asked.
"Yes," was Kitty's almost insudible reply

"Yes," was Kitty's almost insudible reply,
"quite true."
"What a fool I've been," said Tom earnestly.
"Kitty, can you ever forgive me, or have you
quite ceased to care for me?"
Kitty raised her sweet little face with a light
shining in the soft gray eyes and no other
answer was needed. In a moment she was
clasped in Tom's arms and the past was fororder.

gotten.
Some little time after, May Molesworth was

Some little time after, May Molesworth was standing at the door of the dancing-room saying good night to some of her guests when Johnny approached.

"May" said he exultingly, "the game is won. Order your wedding garment tomorrow."

"Johnny," said May, "you're just the very best and cleverest boy that ever was invented," and just 'lien up came Tom and Kitty.

"Won't you congratulate me, Mrs. Molesworth!" said he in a tone that betrayed his happiness.

worth?" said he in a tone that betrayed his happiness.

"With all my heart." said May joyfully, kissing Kitty as she spoke. "Ah, here comes Jessie. Jessie, come and hear our news," she cried, "and add your good wishes to ours."

"I don't understand," said Jessie, as she looked from radiant May to proud Tom and biushing Kitty,

"Congratulate me on my long-delayed happi] ness come at last," said Tom, looking straight at her, and he added in a lower tone: "Next time you divulge your secrets, look behind the curtains."

Jessie murmured something polite, as well

Jessie murmured something polite, as well

as she could, and then saying something about a lost handkerchief she had to look for, left the

a lost handkerchief such that the group.

Tom and Kitty strolled off to say good-night in the empty hall, and May Molesworth looked after them. "Yes, my dears," she said to herself, "bu' when would this ever have come to pass if it hadn't been for my manquivres?"

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - -

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The Drama.



the last two or three seasons. Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport have played a version Cleopatra's story alleged to be Sardou's; Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Brown-Potter have found Shakespeare good

enough for them.

has had a good deal of

and now it is announced that Marie Prescott will add Rider Haggard's Cleopatra (!!!) to her repertoire. It will be observed that at least three of the above named actresses are or have been at one time professional beauties. There is a popular but erroneous idea that Cleopatra herself was a professional beauty and made the business remunerative, and some of the ladies who attempt the part appear to think that a great beauty of form and feature is a'l that is necessary to give a satisfactory characterization. So when Mrs. Langtry played the part, it would have been but a momentary shock to the audience if she had lighted a cigarette and played poker with Antony; Mrs. Brown-Potter seemed like one of those "bold, bad" girls who flirt with us from the windows of their boarding school; Sarah Bernhardt, without the redundant personal beauty of the two last mentioned, lived the part, or a striking conception of it, and was cat-like; while Fanny Davenport-well, Fanny Davenport is the text for this week's sermon.

The play, Cleopatra, performed at the Grand this week, was written by a Monsieur Moreau and revised for Sarah Bernhardt by Sardou. To the English dramatist the subject had been closed forever by one Wm. Shakespeare, who adhered in his drama to the facts as handed down by history. But Frenchmen are nothing if not original, and Shakespeare, though they admit him to be a good enough wordmonger and a matchless delineator of character, is not a suitable dramatist, for he is not prima-ily a stage carpenter, nor will be prupe and stultify. his characters to arrive at blood-curdling situations. Therefore M. Moreau and Sardou attempted Cleopatra. They start earlier than Shakespeare. They open the play with the meeting of Cleopatra and Antony at Tarsus, firstly, because whereas the upper Parisian theater-goers have a habit of dawdling in the cafes and entering the stalls about forty-five minutes late, it behooves the dramatist to let the real action of his play be condensed into the latter part of it: secondly, to introduce a beautiful piece of stage



setting, name'y, the entry of Cleopatra's barge The second act finds Antony at Cleopatra's palace, and this act ends where Shakespeare's play begins, with the recall of Antony to Rome The third act is the best of the piece and has two scenes taken direct from Shakespeare. It embraces the arrival of the messenger with the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia, Cleopatra's rage, her interrogation of the slave as to Octavia's appearance, and ends with the arrival of a message from Antony asking for her fleet to assist him in his insurrection against his fellow triumvir, Octavius Casar, brother of his wife Octavia. So far so good. From this out the dramatists have cut loose from history, probability and common sense, and introduced scenes which, though admirable from a scenic and melodramatic point of view, show an utter and not unprecedented lack of sincerity and dignity on the part of Sardou and Morean. Cleopatra goes to Actium, peeks from behind a curtain at Octavia and Antony, and grinds her teeth for the audience's benefit. When she reveals herself to Antony, and his old love returns or awakes, there is a scene, suggested probably by a descriptive short story of Theophile Gautier's, in which the Egyptian Queen's slave, Kephren, is about to poison himself for her sake, but the deed is not required of him. Then, in the fifth act, after Cleopatra's fleet has deserted Antony at Actium and he follows her and calls on the gods to witness that he will kill her, comes the most magnificent piece of scenic representation that has ever been seen in this city-the storm which Cleoratra calls to blast Octavius's fleet. This scene, though well worth the price of admission to

see, is, from a dramatic point of view, trumpery, and the spectacle of the Queen of Egypt making the thunder "do it some more the audience applauds, is amusing. In the last act, when Antony, defeated, has stabbed himself and is brought wounded before Cleo patra, one cannot but miss the simple dignity of Shakespeare's words, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." There is one more pinchbeck scene in this act when Kephren is about to kill Octavius but doesn't, and Cleopatra's death scene lacks the beauty of Shakespeare's words and is unimpressive and painful. There is good mechanism in the construction of the play and with such a majestic subject, in spite of Sardou or a horde of French dramatists, a few scenes of true and natural dramatic interest could not fail to get in. The language is bald and one cannot but feel that the authors have been too, too original.

The wonderful beauty of Cleopatra has been disputed her most authentic likeness here presented would seem to uphold those who deny it, and Shakespeare has placed more stress on her "infinite variety" of mind. She it was who took Antony fishing and had her slaves vogue during dive down and fasten a salt mackerel on his hook, and many were the other tricks she played on the Roman. Still, the ideal view of Cleopatra that she was exceedingly beautiful is an acceptable one for the stage. Fanny Davenport, once the most beautiful woman on the American stage, still retains much of her old-time loveliness. Her Cleopatra is a blonde one and coquettish; not Cleopatra calculated to cajole a into anything very rash. There is a constant effort to be bad, and flirt with Antony. The Antony of Mr. Melbourne McDowall is a fine, vigorous performance. This character has been quite scanted by the playwright, and Mr. Mc-Dowall deserves all praise for his work. Physically he suits the part exactly, and his death scene was marked by quietness and dignity. To those readers who noticed his tatcoed left arm, it may be of interest to know that he was once mate of a sailing vessel. Mr. Theodore Roberts, in a trying make-up, did excellent work as Kephren. Mr. W. F. Cortleigh was very good as Thyseus, and Messrs. Stokes, Travis and Tannehill were all fair in their re spective parts of Demetrius, Dersatas and



T AUTHENTIC PURTRAITS OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Olympus. Miss Ida Frohawk, who plays Oc. tavia, has a beautiful, classic profile, and does not look unlike Mary Anderson. Miss Claire Sara, who plays the slave girl Amoses, does not have more than ten words to say, but the remarkable beauty of her form, which is as near perfection as can be, deserves chronicling. The scenery is the most beautiful that has ever been presented in Toronto, and the stage management of Mr. Frank Willard deserves exceptional commendation.

Euchred, the attraction at the Academy during the first three nights of this week, is a poor play. The plot is not new, and dramatically the piece is but little removed above the ordinary farce-comedy, with variety at achment. Miss Amy Lee, however, proved herself a light comedienne of exceptional ability. and but for her sparkle and winsomeness the show would probably have fallen flat. Her company is not a bad one, and is well balanced. This afternoon and evening Tony Farrell en tertains the Academy patrons with a Hiber-TOUCHSTONE nian play, My Colleen.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is said that in some seasons W. J. Scanlan, who will never more return to the stage, made more money than any other star. He has been known to clear \$50,000 in a season, which was divided equally between himself and Augustus Pitou, his manager.

The Grand announces a first class attraction r next week in Augustus Pit. the Press. This high-class melodrama is the joint work of Mr. Pitou and George H. Jessop, and is presented by a good company. It may be of interest to state that the play admits of such fine acting that Minnie Seligman of the Pitou Stock Company made a splendia hit in the leading lady's part last spring.

Imre Kiralfy's Venice in London was opened to the public at Olympia, London, the vast building Kensington where Barnum & Bailey gave their London performances two winters ago. The story is based upon that of the Merchant of Venice, and is illustrated by the usual scenes of that play, supplemented by two others representing the fortress of Chioggia and the Island of Lido. There are 1,400 performers at once on the stage, including three or four hundred in barges and gondolas on a lake that fills the entire space between the auditorium and the stage proper. Another feature of the show is "modern Venice" in a subsidary building where a reproduction of a part of the Venice of to day, with its buildings, bridges, and canals, is presented with real gondolas and Venetian gondoliers.

Mr. Cellier's death and inability to finish the orchestration have compelled the postponement of the dress rehearsal at the Lyric of The Mountebanks. The scene of the opera is laid in the island of Sicily. The time is the early part of the present century and Mr. Gilbert indulges very freely in the humorous, satirical and paradoxical vein which distinguishes all his writings. The opera opens with a chorus of Dominican monks in the sonorous Latin language, followed by a chorus of members of the Tamorra, a secret society, who combine brigandage with a thirst for vengeance, a not unusual combination in the secret societies existing in that part of the world. The Tamorras desire vengearce because of the wrongful conviction five hundred years ago of the brother of the mother of their ancestor's next door neighbor. Much of the fun of the opera arises from the drinking, ir. discriminately and otherwise, of a magic po tion in the possession of a traveling showman

named Pietro, which has the effect of making every one who takes it exactly what he pretends to be. Mr. Monkhouse as Pietro's clown and Miss Joncure as his dancing girl, pretend for reasons to be waxwork figures and are accordingly transformed into automatic figures of Hamlet and Ophelia, worked on the pennyin-the-slot principle, a notion which, in Mr. Gilbert's hands, results in an infinite variety of droll absurdities.

Richard Mansfield's declaration that he is determined to use no more lithographs or other pictorial posting during his travels, was commendable. At various times in the past twenty years numbers of actors and managers have made the same resolution, and most of them have put it in force for a longer or shorter period; but not one has ever totally escaped the bill poster. Mansfield's argument is the sensible but rather broad one that persons who do not read the newspapers do not go to the theaters; and so he wants to put all his announcements into the advertising columns of the newspapers. He will find plenty of shrewd theatrical speculators opposed to him in this move. Managers of purely spectacular plays regard the lithograph and the gorgeous big poster as absolutely essential in illustrating the elaborateness of their productions; and this must be for Mansfield, who is inclined to be picturesque in all his work, a temptation to break his good resolutions. Nowadays there is a great deal of true art in the pictorial printing devised for plays, not the least of which is the use of photopart graphe. Lillian Russell, Langtry, the Kendals, even Mansfield himself, owe something to the display of their faces in lithograph, photograph and the flamboyant "three sheet." As a preliminary to abolishing the lithograph altogether, it would be well to correct some of the evils attached to its use. Here is an instance directly applicable to Mansfield's case: On Monday afternoon a small boy went into the office of a Thirtieth street lithograph firm and offered for sale 430 of Mansfield's lithographs. They were just as they had come from the press, clean and unused, and they appeared to be part of a lot sent by Mansfield to advertise his recent engagement at the Harlem, Columbus. The question is, how came the small boy in posses sion of those lithographs? Were they stolen out of the lot left at the theater by Mansfield's agent to be distributed by the attaches? Let the stars who fail to discover profit in the use of them first make sure that they are used for their intended purposes; then, if the stealing cannot be stopped, by all means boycott the lithograph. Those four hundred and thirty lithographs of Mansfield must have cost him at least \$25.

'Varsity Chat.



ROM our halls the glory seems to have departed this week, but there is joy and gladness in many a household throughout the land. After hard, hard work the boys are home enjoying all the good things kept in store for them by their friends

One man told me that he had a "string ' of parties to attend and he expects to have a bundle of "photes" in his possession when he re He will renew acquaintance with all the girls he knew when attending the High school and many mcre. He will revel in the bright dream of the past," and his spirit will leap before him as he thinks of the future, Oh! fortunate youth!

I quote the following from the paper of Mr. I. E. Martin, M.A., one of our own graduates, read before the Mathematical and Physical Society, on the Religion of Algebraic curves We may here state what we hope to prove, viz., that if mathematical laws be conceived in their true light they will be found to be the most favorable battle-ground for orthodoxy, and therefore the most unfavorable for scepticism; and that orthodoxy, instead of standing on the defensive in the indefensible position of appealing to the emotion, may by the aid of mathematics boldly attack scepticism with every chance of success. As a matter of feeling, the believer in God's all-pervading spirit may shrink from the thought of such a spirit being bound by mathematical laws, but the sceptic has appealled to science and to science must we take him. We shall find that even when tried by such a cold unimpassioned abstraction of science as ma' hematics, the theory of a personal and (speaking in all reverence) interfering God is not only possible, but in the highest degree probable and scientific. Orthodox believers, accepting the application of fixed laws to the physical world, say that a personal God, who is the originator of all law must be above all law; and that mathematical reasoning is inadmissible in discussing the relations between the moral and the physical world, as it would limit the power of the Deity.'

The Senate of McMaster University met last week in McMaster Hall. The meeting had been specially called to consider the questions of the conferring of honorary degrees and of university extension. A committee consisting of Dr. Rand, Prof. Goodspeed, Rev. Elmore Harris and Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q. C., was appointed to consider the subject of honorary degrees. Miss Minard, formerly of New Brans. wick, was appointed as teacher in Moulton Ladles' College, to fill a vacancy in the preparatory department. At the afternoon session the subject of university extension was discussed

Next week the special supplemental examinations will be held, and every man who has worked during the Christmas holidays will congratulate himself on his self-sacrifice if he succeeds to pass.

On Christmas day I met a graduate of a few years' standing, and he said "Well, how are things at the 'Varsity now? I suppose it is a dead and alive place. No fun, no sport, no oyster suppers, no beer parties, no enjoyment for a man of any spirit at all. If the heroes of past days went around the place they would find that they were forgotten. Such is fate. The glory of 'Varsity seems to have departed. I hear that a man of my day, who was captain of the Rugby football team, visited the institution a few weeks ago and was looked upon as a fresh man! My alma mater, how thou hast fallen! To all this I listened calmly, but " for reasons best known to myself," I made no reply."

Books and Magazines.

The January number of Lippincott's Magazine contains several new features; stories and aketches illustrating journalistic life: the first of a series of articles on athletics, and some interesting discussions, stories and poems by celebrated writers. The piece de resistance is the complete novel by City Editor Young E. Allison, formerly of the Courier-Journal. Col. A. K. McClure, Albert Payson Terhune, Julian Hawthorne and Amelia E. Barr are contributors. J. F. R., writes entertainingly of Agnetunification. Life, the first of a series of articles on athletics, and some interesting discussions, stories and poems, are by celebrated writers.

The number of the Atlantic Monthly for January is an exceedingly strong one. It opens with Mr. Crawford's serial, Don Orsino, and besides the outlines of an interesting story, the besides the outlines of an interesting story, the incidental picture of the new Rome as contrasted with the Rome of the Pope's tempor. I power is of really great value. Another feature of the number is Henry James's delightful article of reminiscence and criticism on James Russell Lowell. The paper on Boston by Emerson is a curious treasure-trove, full of Emersonian phrases which will long live in the memory, and a most interesting characterization of the traits of the town and its inhabitants. Miss Edith M. Thomas has a paper which she wishes considered as "a fond and unscientific observation of our winged friends," which she wishes considered as "a fond and unscientific observation of our winged friends," interspersed with charming poetry. Speaking of poetry, Thomas William Parsons has a strong poem called Down by the Shore in December. Poetry being akin to art reminds one of Walter Crane's most interesting paper, Why Socialism Appeals to Artists, which is a defence of the socialistic opinions of William Morris and others of the modern easthet's school in England. A glimpse of the life of an English thinker is offered by the publication of a collection of letters from John Stuart Mill, called out by his connection with the Westminster Review, which give interesting views of men and things. A short story of seashore life by Herbert D. Ward, an able paper on The Political Situation, and Annie Payson Call's article on The Greatest Need of College Girls, with some good reviews, close a number which augurs a brilliant year for this standard magazine. anscientific observation of our winged friends.

one of the most notable articles in the January number of Scribner's Magazine is on the theaters of Paris with portralts of the actors and actresses of the Comedie Francaise The author, William F. Apthorp, says of this famous theater, "No matter how wonderful this or that actor or actress may be, neither is as wonderful as the ensemble with which the plays are given." He says that "therehearsals come near enough to good performances to make you forget now and then that it is only a rehearsal." "The Odeon," he says, "is noteworthy for trying new plays and taking old ones from a new artistic rolut of view. The company at this house is largely made up of young me'erial and many graduate from there to the Francaise." This number of Scribner's a'so contains a criticism of the Wagnerian festival in Bayreuth last summer. Among the other special features of the January number is an able article on American illustration of to day, with a reproduction of some fine engravings from the editions de luce of famous poems. There are two articles on travels, one on a visit to Bokhara, the other on a journey through Egypt. The latter is the most noteworthy. The authors, E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, have done some fine descriptive writing. Here is a paragraph worth quoting: "We rode riverward out of the giant shadow of the crags into the radiant valley; the sun was sinking, and the great artist was gilding his handiwork into even greater splendor, each blade of wheat was a golden spear, the palmtrunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsmen going home to their evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden spear, the palmtrunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsmen going home to their evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden spear, the palmtrunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsmen going home to their evening meal moved like Byzantine saints against a golden spear, the palmtrunks were pillars of rough gold, and the herdsmen going home to their evening meal moved like Byzantine saint around us, glorified by the evening sky; Jacob tall and dark, his deep eyes burning under the linen headcloth, drove home his flocks and herds; Rebecca passed us with Isaac's jewels of gold and silver glittering on her brown arms; Esau unyoked the tired oxen of the waterwheel; Leban, white bearded and solemn, rode by; Ruth smiled at us from where she stood waist deep in the wheat, and just at hand, riding on an ass, a young child in her arms, yonder low browed girl seemed the divine mother, for the whole plain and sky were a halo about her."

The Cosmopolitan for January is a number of unusual excellence. The opening paper is one of exceptional interest, dealing as it does with the Portraits of Columbus. An article on Aluminum, the Me'al of the Future, is of especial interest to those engaged in mercantile pursuits; and W.J. Lampton has a striking skit on modern society, entitled: What Say Ye, Women, to This? The other articles are well illustrated and of strong contemporary interest. The editorial departments command the same attention as ever. the same attention as ever

A Modified Opinion

A Modified Opinion

First Citizen (Golden Gulch)—Wall, we caught up with the feller wot stole your new overcoat, an' lynched him.

Second Citizen—Ha, ha; that's somethin' like. Teach these coyotes they've gotter obey the laws o' the land. Hung him, eh?

"No, we shot him full o' holes."

"Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat on, did he?"

"Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm fraid he did." "Ye oughter be arrested, every one of ye. This ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civiliza-

Not Hard to Fit.

Now Girl—Please, mum, while you're down town, would ye be so kind as to order me a pair o' shoes?

Mrs. De Style—I—er—do not know your size. New Girl—Nor I, mum; but I think if ye get them about the size of yours they'll do.

Mrs. De Style (hesitatingly)—Do you think you could wear them?

New Girl—Oh, yes, mum. After new shoes is wet they shrinks.

Miss Antique—No, I'm not going to Mrs.
Whitebair's reception.
Miss Budd—Why not?
"Oh, she always talks about old times, and that makes me tired. I don't see how you can stand her."
"But, my dear her out to "But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know."

It Didn't Work.

Materfamilias—(11 p.m.)—What's the matter? You look distressed.
Paterfamilias—I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room, and giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas.
"Mercy! Didn't he get angry?"
"No; he sa'd 'Thank vou."

Li'e is so Hard.

For Saturday Night. Life is so hard, I fain would live Apart from all its rugged ways, My tune ful melodies would give Sweet praise to passing days, But would all comforts, once possessed, Forever still my soul's unrest?

Life is so hard. I sometimes dream That some kind hand has set me free, Then through the deepening gloom, Hope's gleam, Like sunshine, comes to me; That one choice gift of Hope—the best— Has failed to still my soul's unrest.

Life is so hard. We toil and sweat That some unworthy one may reap The harvest, while we only get The toil and tears we weep.

If all were done, would death's behest Forever still my soul's unrest ?

L'fe is so hard. If never more The goad of poverty should be Deep in my heart, whose crimson gore Trails down life's troubled sea. Would no grim care, no ghostly guest

Life is so hard. If worlds were mine Would nature seem more bright and fair?
Would loving hearts more close entwine My heart for gildings rare? Would coy, sweet love stand more confessed, Or still for aye my soul's unrest? A. A. S.

Mistakes.

For Saturday Night. Life's road is dreary and our eyes are blind, We shudder when we see mistakes behind Us, looming in the path our feet have trod. Our own mistakes! Be pitiful, dear God! We did not know—our eyes were blind, so blind ! Our thoughtless actions and our words unkind That they would stab some hearts we held so dear And leave us nothing for atonement here.

We cannot call them back-cannot undo The sore mistakes we wrought. When life is through Perhaps it may be, in some other clime Where darkness fadeth 'neath the light sublime Where hearts ne'er falter and eyes have no night, They may perchance, those sad mistakes we make, Be all atoned for when the day shall break.

MARION LIBLE.

A Canada.

For Saturday Night. A canada they cried and Time's golden bell, Rang a peal of derision the echo to quell. For the country's pulse throbbed as the stigma was heard; To the Spaniards the sound seemed the song of a bird.

And Saturn low whispered sweet, dreamful land wait, Clasp close thy hid treasure, this is not thy fate, Disturb not thy slumbers for know this new name Shall gleam on thy forebeads a bright star of fame.

For when thy Keewaudin thy slack sail was fresh. Wide shall thy arms open to bless and be blest, As the slow growing iceberg gathereth weight Thy honor increaseth by coming so late. Wich the high climbing rose o'er the home of the brave,

The maple with thistle and shamrock must wave, And with every new twist in the century's coil, 'Twill cherish and cling to that sap giving soil. And as the long years over love's drawbridge march,

Twill prop noble Britain thy fair pleasures arch, Or fiail-like flash for thee, or Beln To shield from all evil its dear motherland.

Nors.-When the Spaniards saw from their ships the cleak shores of Canada they said-A canada, nothing there.

A Santa Fe Incident.

It was silent in the chair car, and the clanking of the rails Made a frame to hang a poem on of jingling joys or waile; The cattleman from Burlington was drumming on the

The State House clerk was whistling on a card some low The high-browed girl from Lawrence was engaged in her

Der krosry man von Veechita was chewing a seegar When the train stopped at Eudora with a fizzle-sizzle chur,

And took a soft-eyed siren on the Santa Fe p'ug. Her carriage, face, and figure were perfection, and her

Was a shimmered, tangled day dream as she drifted down the aisle.

was dazed; Der krossy man von Veechita in dizzy rapture g: zed ; The friziese girl from Lawrence put her glasses on and saw

A particularly interesting view across the Kaw, While the siren sat there coyly as a kitten on a rug-The siren from Eudora on the Santa Fe plug.

And as the train neared Argentine, the cattleman grew rash,

He cleared his throat and nervously pulled at his roan Der Veechita man lost his nerve, the State House clerk

grew gray, And as he saw the cattleman, he made a bold sashay. And when at last the train had stopped, she answered loud 'Ay haf a yob av verk oop at des Coates House : call oop

Ay tank Ay lak to sey you more bacourse Ay lak your Said the siren from Eudora on the Santa Fe plug

-Kansas City Journal

"Imp Fffie."

" Imp Effie;" language can's exprese.
The life that sparkles in her eyes, And what if I must needs conf That Effic is not very wise? Her nonsense talked with blithesoma air Sweeter to me than wisdom seems, I love to see her toss her hair, I love to hear her in her dreams

Near her philosophers seem fools,
Their logic and inductions chaff;
Forms, maxims, exioms, reasons, rules,
Evaporate in Efficie laugh,
How coldly rigid and aloft
The finger posts of science shine,
When Effic's digits warm and soft
Are playing at "hot hands" with mine i

She's very ignorant, the pet, Ol creed or dogma old or new; She's very oredulous, at d yet Her articles of faith are few. To reversed men she's barely civil, Though prompt to succor the foriors, She's duly feat ful of the c'evil, But sees no harm in being born.

Not clear about the "second birth,"
She trusts her sins will be forgiven;
And that when called to quit the earth,
She'll go up, naturally, to heaven.
Meanwhile, too fond, I fran, the rogue is
Of this world's vanities and pomps;
Thinks rerious people "as ful fogles;"
Nay, 'neath their solemn noses rompe.

Leaps, tumbles, ecreams, to make them quiver:
Shams stupid to excite their spicen;
Then how she titters! Lord forgive her.
The little imp is scarce shirteen.
And even when I sermonize her,
i sometimes can't repress a sigh
To think that Efficult grow wiser,
That Effic will grow old, and die!

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Between You and Me.



HY do you talk to not a thief!" It was a sad sight, the young clerk standing before his employer, with drawn, frightened face and staring deflant eyes, and

the employer, a man past three score and ten, upright and stern and unforgiving, with his finger on the page where the balance was not true, and in the other hand a slip of paper with a few words, anonymous, bitter, fatal, which had pointed out the young clerk's error. What does this mean then, may I ask?" "But I am to straighten that up at the end of the month. I only borrowed it! Lots of fellows do the same and they never intend to steal," "I have nothing to do with what you intend. That may or may not be so, but I don't allow you to handle my cash in that way. If I did what I should, I would place this matter in the hands of the police. Then, young man, you would discover what is honesty and what is theft. Your month's salary will about meet this shortage. You can go. Take my advice and be more careful in another situation."

This little story, which is the actual happen ing of some three months ago and which much impressed me at the time, I have related to form a text for a little tirade against borrowers. In many a case the borrower becomes the thief, all the while protesting that he or she never, never, oh, no, but, and the transition is accomplished. Not always of money do we steal from our neighbor. I wonder how big a pile one could make of all the books borrowed, abused, gradually stolen, in this city? I don't descend to umbrellas-they are acknowledged to be a strong weapon of the Evil One, with which he incites the best church members to crack the eighth commandment. But if every one of my readers would just look back over their lives and about among their possessions I believe there are not one half-dozen who would not find some object which belonged to someone else. which should have been returned, but which they have insensibly and carelessly appropri-They may not use it nor want it, but they keep it, though they would be furious should the owner call them by the shocking name which belongs to them. On Christmas Eve I made a wretched, drenched creature a present of a silk umbrella which has s ood on my hat-rack for a year past, and when she thanked me warmly for my gift I was constrained to inform her that it was not mine to give, for that someone had left it there and taken one of mine (in better condition), but had never been honest enough to re-exchange The drenched peddler looked at me doubtfully, but the weather was unfavorable to a fine sense of justice and she tramped off with her prize.

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We used to write a doggerel rhyme in our school books about what would happen to the luckless wight who, on the last day, was not able to lay his hand on the "book he stole away," and I am quite sure it had as wholesome an influence on others as it had on me. I have a grudge yet against a woman to whom I lent a favorite copy of a favorite poet which never came back to me; and a wholesome respect for a Scotchman who, after all his effects were burnt up in a house fire, sent me a brand new copy of Scott's poetical works to replace one of mine which had unfortunately been borrowed by him. It lies before me, with its quaint explanatory inscription written on the fly-leaf in that Scotchman's irreproachable writing, and if ever he needs a good witness to his immaculate honesty and sense of right, that volume will be the one most likely to influence a jury who have borrowed and lent, but never attained to such an altitude of honesty as his. Funny things have been demanded of me by borrowing acquaintances. A young lady asked me once to lend her my wedding gown to go to a dance in the Pavilion, and a merry neighbor ran in one evening to o row Mr. Gay to make up a game of whist. I have lent my front hair and my back yard to a tableau vivant and a washerwoman respecthousekeeper and a poet who were minus the several articles. Everything came back safe but the idea, and I didn't resent the ill-usage it went through, for I expected it!

Two ward politicians were railing against the civic administration last night on account of their rather reckless expenditure of electric lights and pavements in remote and desert regions somewhere in the suburbs of Toronto. have often been reminded of our city fathers' previousness, when I have seen a small boy and his mother selecting the former's winter outfit. How the good woman buys baggy, roomy, overlong panties, and coats whose sleeves come down to the small boy's knuckles, and I have sometimes known her to be so far ahead in her measurements that before the abject little guy could grow enough to ensure a fit, those clothes were quite worn out, and all his troubled hours and her extra price were spent to less than no purpose. It might possibly be so with the improvements which are at present, according to a daily paper, disturbing the repose of the bovines who are their sole beneficaires.

At the Sick Children's Hospital on Saturday ast there was a genuine sensation when Santa Claus, with a real horse and a real sleigh, piled high with presents, drove from ward to ward and alternately amazed and delighted the wee uns. Such a knowing horse and such a jolly old Santa Claus, both the outcome of the real istic tendency of this fin de siecle time, when real railroads and engines and tanks of water are our dramatic draw cards, and make believes and dummies are out of date. The dear little excited children, some of whom were anything but invalids in appearance—the pretty nurses, the fashionable dames who put in many an hour of thought and work for this their pet charity, the ever-ready fr'end of the sick little ones, and his smiling better halfthe doctors, for once forgetting their professional dignity, to laugh heartily at the many funny antics and speeches of the youngsters— and then, when Santa Claus had driven out and

baby faces, flushed and weary, were laid back upon the snowy pillows and the gas was turned low and the dim-lit ward sank softly into me like that? I'm quietude and slumber, to see the various heaps of toys on the tiny bed tables, some piled carefully by the neat wee man or woman, some tossed in a confused pile by the careless or tired creature who slept peacefully below. There were loads of dolls and games, so'diers and paint boxes-all the toys dear to little hearts, and every child slept the sleep of satisfaction with the Christmas cheer of 1891.

> Santa Claus let me into one cute little custom of the Sick Children's Hospital when he said heartily: "I am so glad there isn't a red ribbon on any little bed, for I should not be able to give anything to a naughty child." Away off in the rough and ready West they tie up red ribbons here and there about the town when some notorious evil liver is to be disciplined, as a hint to him to get out of the way before it is too late. And here, in the sacred precincts of this beautiful charity, I gathered from the above remark that the red ribbon is the outward and visible s'gn of an inward and spiritual crookedness. Poor red ribbon, red in the far West with menacing violence and maybe death, red in the baby's ward with the rising flush of temper or the fire of rebellion. From the great to the little wrong the red ribbon flames its warning, from the crimson cheek, from the threatening tongue, from the leaping heart. Ah, friends, beware of that red LADY GAY. ribbon!

Noted People.

The first woman chemist in Paris is to be Mile, Leclerc, of the Paris School of Pharmacy. She is of French nationality, and has taken a first-class degree.

Lord Roseberry, in his Life of Pitt just issued, says that Pitt's last words were not "Roll up the map of Europe," nor "My country," etc., as commonly reported, but "I wish I could have one of Bellamy's meat pies."

An honorary testimonial has been awarded to Miss Blanche Hays of London by the Royal Humane Society, in recognition of her bravery last summer in rescuing from drowning her friend, Miss Saunders, with whom she was bathing in the sea near Torquay.

The new English Minister to France, Lord Dufferir, has climbed up from one of the lower rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He entered the Queen's employ forty years ago as a minor lord in-waiting, and has advanced s'eadily upwards until now he has gained the most desirable place in the British foreign service.

The successful competitor among the nine artists who presented designs for the sculpture work on the Woman's Department Building of the World's Fair, was Miss Alice Rideout of San Francisco. She has studied both in her own city and in the East, and is regarded as an artist of promise. The three groups she has designed are: Woman's Virtues, Woman as the Spirit of Civilization, and Woman's Place

Nothing very noticeable was left for the Princess of Wales on the anniversary of her birthday; but England's Alexandra has but three years more to wait, and then her jubilee may bring some offerings worth accepting. The fair Mother of our Kings to be is certainly a world's wonder as to looks, considering her The Queens of Italy and the Hellenes, the Dowager Queen of Portugal are younger women, but there is now no youthfulness

The picturesque exuberance of style that marks La'cadlo Hearn's literary work may be partly the accident of birth, for the author was bo:n on one of the Ionian Isles, where "Sappho loved and sung." His name, indeed, is supposed to recall the Leucadian cliff from which the poetess is said to have jumped to death. Mr. Hearn, like Stockton, is a little man physically, short and dark, but thick enough through the chest to indicate good lung power. He is said to be an expert swimmer.

The late Prince Lucien Bonaparte bore a more striking resemblance to the great Napoleon than any other of the emperor's relatives, but he was much taller. He was a favorite of Queen Victoria, with whom he dined regularly twice a year during his long residence in England, and he usually sent her Majesty the first copy of all of his erudite treatises, and in return received a handsomely bound copy of the Queen's Life in the Highlands, ornamented with the autograph inscription "from his friend, the authoress."

Sir Edwin Arnold says that the average editorial "leader" of an English newspaper is the product of three hours of diligent work by an accomplished man-such as Andrew Lang, for instance. He himself once wrote one of two thousand words with a lead pencil in an houra rate of speed which seems prodigious, and which a crack American reporter writing against time could hardly excel; but a man who has written eight thousand leaders, as the author of the Light of Asia has done, must necessarily have become expert at it.

Through trouble, Marie Antoinette at thirty ight, and Mary Stuart at forty five, were long past their best, and Mary Tudor of sanguinary memory, dying at forty-two, was quite a broken down object. Both with present and past celebrities of regal rank, any sentimental interest felt in them ceases somewhere about the forties. Our Princess-who, though not a Queen, has often filled a Queen's place-remains a personality to whom complimentary connets can be addressed; and her special taste in dress still influences the gowns and connets of women young enough to be her daughters.

The recent sudden death of F. Wolcott Bale. stier is a cause for deep regret to those who were familiar with his clever books, A Fair Device and A Victorious Defeat. He was a young man-not quite thirty-and was a warm friend of Rudyard Kipling. On his mother's side Mr. Balestier was clear American, but his pa'ernal ancestors were natives of Martinique. With his mother and sisters he had leased in London the house of that Mrs. Brookfield to whom so many of Thackeray's letters were addressed, and had also taken a charming house in the Isle of Wight. The ngsgement is announced of Kipling to Mis Balestier, a sister of the dead author.

A Study in Black.



HE moonlight spreads softly over the quiet fields. casting its mellow shade on Uncle Zacharv's modest cabin. Not a breath of air is blowing. The thickly growing hollyhocks and sunflowers stand erect with not a

rustle of a leaf, and everywhere is calmness and repose. On the doorstep, almost hidden by the tall flowers, two people sit-Uncle Zachary and his niece Deb. They are silent, like everything about, the only sound breaking the solitude being the occasional "pee-wee, pee-wee" of a restless bird. In the distance they can see the city's lights reflected in the sky, a reflection that makes the old man think of the struggle and the turmoil there, and in fancy he can hear the tramping of the restless thousands in that restless city. The girl, too, looks towards the lights' reflection, one elbow resting on her knee, her head leaning upon the upstretched hand, her body slowly swaying from side to side.

"Chile." It is Uncle Zachary speaking, softly, as if loath to break the peaceful stillness. "Chile, yo'ain't yosef ter-night. Suffin' am er-trcublin' yo', an' cain't yo' twel yer ole Unc' Zach' wha' it am? Ain't he been er fayther ter yo' eber s'nce yo' wunno hy ur 'n he knee? Ain't he been good ter 50', chile, an' cain't yo' confide wi' he?"

"Yaas, yaas, Urc' Zachy," the girl replies with a trembling voice, "yo' am good ter me. 'Tain't dat, Unc' Zachy, dat er-worrin' me, an I cain't twel wha' it am 'ca'se I dunno missef. O, Unc' Zachy, I's onhappy. Lack dis black face er mine, de hull airf am dark ter me, an' wish I wair gwine ter die; I do, I do," and with a great sob her head falls upon the old man's breast.

" Heah, heah, chile, dis wain't do. I's s'rprised et yo'. Dis airf da k? Dis bcoful airf dat de Lawd gib we? Fie, chile, fie! Jes yo' sot an' twel yer ole Unc' Zachy wha' am er-troublin' yo' and he see ef he cain't 'concile yo'. Wha' dat yo' say? 'Ca'se er yer cullah yo' am look' down 'pon by de whi'-folk? 'Ca'se er yer cullah yo' cain neber 'mount ter nuffin'? I 'spect, chile, yo' know, seein' I tort yo' eber s'nce yo' be er leetle thin', I 'spect, I say, dat yo' am familah wid er fac' dot 'n Heben whi' folk an' black folk am all de same. I 'spect dat yo' hes not 'lowed de 'nfo'ma'sun I onct twol yo' dat dis wuld's s'iety stan'in' hes nuffin' ter do wi' de nex' wuld's 'fairs, ter slip yer memmy, hes yo', chile? Deb, honey, de Lawd am gwine ter wash er niggah 's white 's de wintah snow ef he am good 'nuf. We am gwine tir 'njoy heben jes 's well 's de whi' folks, chile, 'ca'se we hairts am white, jes' 's white."

" De whi'-folk dey am onkine' Unc' Zach, an' I's onhappy, onhappy," the girl sobs, her face still buried on the old man's breast.

"Deb, chile, time 's w'en yer Unc' Zachy uster think it mighty hawd wuk ter hoe de road er life, hawd wuk ter go fro de airf wid er black face, de butt en ig'unt whi'-folk jokeser low-bawn niggah. Dem days hes pass' 'way, chile, hes pass' 'way lack de ole slabe days long 'go. Trouble ter yo', deary, am lack er mighty tampes', but ter me it am on'y lack er Norf win' ca'se I's uster it, chile. I cain look 'pon life now 's er visit ter de airf 's'ill soon be ober fur we all, an' den we air gwine ter be 's white 's de

"Wh' foah, Unc' Zachy, wair I bawn lack I 's? Wh'foah cain't Gord make we all er same, an' den dar 'ud be no suffin', er black folk fur whi'-folk ter larf et. Wh'foah-"

"Hush, chile, hush. Yo' mus-un tork er Gord dat way. It am sac'lid'us. He know bes', chile. He know wh'fo h we am black, an' w'en de whi'-folk larf et chu neber min' 'ca'se Gord, He see dem, an' He know dey hes er black hairt ef dar skin am white."

"I's onhar py," she still sobs, "an' de wuld am onkin'. Wh'foah am I black, wh'foah.

Rising from his seat the old man walks to and fro, his head bent, his step slow and feeble. A faint breeze sweeps over the cabin. The it, the b'rds perched in the trees flutter about at touch of it, and the girl raising her head, gazes at the star-studded sky. Uncle Zachary walks towards her and gently rests his hand upon her shoulder.

Wh'foah am dar good an' bad? Wh'foah am dar rich an' po'? Wh'foah am dar weak an' stron'? Wh'foah am dar summah an' wintah? Wh'foah am dar watah an' lan'? Wh'foah am dar eber'thin', chile? Cain 'nbody twel yo'. No, 'ca'se it am de seekrit er Gord, ter be twol de day dat Ange' Gabe do come. Honey, I's er ole man an' ain't got long ter lib, an' arter I's done gone lef dis wuld yer las' frien' 'n airf hes lef' yo' fo'ebermo', but, chile, yo' mus' trus' 'n de Lawd, fur wi'out He help dar ain't 'nbody gwine ter get safe 'long de road. Dat am er fac', chile, de Scriptur' twel we. Long 'go, twenty yeah come nex' wintah, dat am er heap er yeahs lamby, 'way down ter de ole home wh' de cotton blossom grow, sum un gone daid an' lef' yo' ter me. 'Foah dey breaf dar las' dev say ter me-' Zachy, my kin'es' brudder'-yaas dey wair de ver' wuds-' Zachy, my kin'es' brudder, I's gwine ter leave yo' now fo'ebermo'. W'en I's done gone, Zachy, I waint yo' ter tak' kyur er leetle Deb, fur wi'out yo' she ain't got er frien' 'n de hull airf. Bring she up, Zachy, 'n de sperrit er Gord dat she cain join de ange's 'n heben w'en de trump do soun'. An' Zachy ober yandab, ober by de windah, un'neaf de floah, am er ole sock. Get it, Zachy, an' yo' tak' it fur leetle Deb an yosef. Dar am on'y er few dollahs, but tak it fur Deb.' Den, chile, hol'in' ter dis right han' er mine, dis han' wha' try ter guide she dorter 'n de right way, yer mammy breaf de las', an' wid er mighty lump in he thote yer Unc' Zachy sw'ar ter kyur fur yo', come better come wusser. Dat am long 'go chile, an' dem days I wair smatter den I's now an' de wuld wair brighter. I's come fro it, I's 'most 'rived et de junney en', an', an' it mighty near breaks de ole man's hairt ter see he honey cry an' sob lack she do."



The pane is etched with wondrous tracery ; Curve interiaced with curve and line with line, Like subtle measures of sweet harmony
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

Slim, graceful vines and tendrils of such sort As never grew save in some fairy world, Wind up from roots of misted silver wrought Through tulip flowers and lilies half unfurled

Shag fire and hemlocks blend with plumy palms. Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns and weeds, And sea-blooms such as rock in Southern calms Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds.

And there are flights of birds with iris wings That shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume, And scintillating shoals of swimming things That seem to float in clear green ocean gloom

And there are diamond-crusted diadems And orbs of pearl and sceptres of pale gold, Stored up in crystal grottos, lit with gems And paved with emeralds of price untold.

And marvellous architecture of no name Facades and shafts of loveliest form and bue, Keen pinpacles and turrets tipped with flame, And fretted domes of purest sapphire blue.

All these the genii of the Frost last night Wrought in the still cold hours by charm and rune; And now, like dreams dispelled before the light. They float away in vapor on the noon.

Chas. Lotin Hildreth.

wandering to scenes of long ago, the girl endeavoring to overcome the strife within her. Suddenly arising she throws her arms around his neck, kisses him many times and passes into the house.

"Pee-wee, pee-wee."
A restless bird flies over the cabin, and perhaps its shrill chirp arouses Uncle Zachary from his reverie, for, starting up, he walks slowly away. As he does so a figure glides out of the cabin door. On a few rods it rapidly goes, until, coming to an old well, it pauses beside it. Throwing aside the loose boards which cover it. the figure stands motionless looking down its darkened depths. "Pee wee, pee-wee."

The bird hovers and flutters overhead, but

the figure heeds not its unusual cry. "I's onhappy Gord an' Unc' Zachy gone twol me ef I come ter yo' I cain fin' res'. Gord, I hes done tried hawd ter be er good gyrul an' dis life am onkine' an' I's gwine ter heben wh' mammy am."

"Pee-wee, pee-wee. Pee-wee, pee-wee."
"Chile." Uncle Zachary, breathless and trembling, stands before the girl. "Chile, wha' you' doin' heah? Down, down 'n yer knees 'foah Gord an' pray ter de Lawd in heben. O Gord, who see eber'thin' jes' 's easy 's poss'bl'. Say it arter me, chile. O Gord, who see eber'thin' jes' 's easy 's poss'bl'."

" Massy 'n me."

"Massy 'n me." "Nwuthy ter be call yer chile."

"'Nwuthy ter be call' yer chile."

"Gib dis po' niggah strenf ter obercome de pride perrit wi' 'n her." 'Gib dis po' niggah strenf ter obercome de

pride sperrit wi''n her."
"Fo'gib wha' I wair gwine ter do." "Fo'gib wha' I wair gwine ter do."

"An' make me good fo'ebermo'. Amen."

"An' make me good fo'ebermo'. Amen. An'

Gord bless Unc' Zachy', 'ca'se he am good ter he'p po' niggah gyrul. O Unc' Zachy, Unc'

Zachy, de airf am gwine ter be brighter.' The old man gently raises her and kisses The old man gently raises her and alsoes away the hot tears that roll down her cheeks. Then together they slowly walk back to the cabin and the moon casts its soft light over everything, and everywhere is calmness and LEPRACAUN.

Sunshiny Husbands.

Sunshiny Fusbands.

We read so much about the obligation laid upon the wife to be a perpetual sunbeam in the house, that a word to husbands ought always to wear a smiling and happy countenance, Should the care of providing the raw material to make a home weigh you down, never mind, always go home with a smile. Husbands have often lost the affection of their wives by Icoking careworn. Be careful about your personal appearance; much depends upon that. Be sure that your hair is smoothly arranged and your collar spotless b fore presenting yourself at the breakfast table. It is by attention to such I tile things that you may be able to retain the affection of your wife. Don't complain if you are siek. A complaining husband often drives a woman to seek more congenial society. If you have a toothache—smile. The wife may find it necessary to absent herself from home every evening and decorate smile. The wife may find it necessary to absent herself from home every evening and decorate herself with ribbons of various hues if you complain. Keep up with the times. Your wife, having the care of the education of the children, naturally reads more than you. Don't let her. After you have worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, devote the remainder to keeping your mind in good trim, so that your wife may not find a more congenial spirit elsewhere. Pay strict attention to these rules and your marriage will not be a failure. where. Pay strict attention to the your marriage will not be a failure.

New Mexico for Consumptives.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT TO THE AMERICAN HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION. "I think New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have jet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and Europe." J. F. DANTER, M. D., M. C. P. and S., Ont,

Profit from Misfortune



All is silence again. They sit as before, looking away towards the city, the old man's mind

Foreman—Th' cat got in th' press, air.

Managing Editor (to advertising agent)—Mr. Chor, just run round to the fur store on the corner and see if you can't catch them for a full page displayed ad. at reduced rates.

UNIACK'S FORTUNE

BY MARTIN GRAY.

It is a blazing ho'day in Milbouras, a day when the patches of shade are few and far between and the white houses seem to quiver when the patches of shade are few and fat betwain and the white houses seem to quiver
with the heat as they stand out against the intensely blue sky. It is still hotter in the
marine suburb of Williamstowa, where the
great ships are tying at the long jettles, the
paint on their sides rising in huge blisters
under the power of the sun's scorching rays.
Perhaps the hottest place of all is down
"tween docks" of one of the targets of these
vessels, the Antiops, two thousand tons burden, now taking in her last hundred bales of
wool prior to her departure for London, after a
teilous stay of three months in Australian
waters. The men stowing the carge work
silently and wearily, for the heat stiffs even
their desire to grumble, the head stevedora
alone showing some activity as he bustles
about, striving to keep them up to their work.
The second officer, who is supposed to hive
charge of the whole business, leans, silent and
absent-minded, against a bale of wool, his
hands in his pockets and a far-away look in his
dark brown eyes.

"Av" muses Alan Uniack to himself, "the dark brown eyes.
"Ay," muses Alan Uniack to himself, "the

hands in his pockets and a far-away look in his dark brown eyes.

"Ay," muses Alan Uniack to himself, "the last day's work, and then we sail—homsward bound! And I am the only soul on board, from the captain to the ship's boy, who is not wild with delight at the thought. Homeward bound—to their friends, their wives, or their sweethearts; and every knot we sail will make their hearts lighter! Their girls are 'pulling on the tow-topes,' as they put it. But I? The only soul on earth who ever seemed to care if I were alive or dead will be on board with me, and reaching home will only mean that I shall lose her. Reaching home! I wonder what it is like to have a home? Rather pleasant, I should think! How Mausfield's mother cried on the day she came down to the ship to see us sail, and implored him to write as often as he could! I don't believe he has sent her a line since—the scamp! And then how Morris loves to show me his sister's photos, and tell me how proud he is of them and how they are admired! And it is all Greek to me; I know nothing of such things. I wonder has my father any idea of the crime he committed in never letting me know what the words 'love' and 'home' meant? Confound his money—I never wanted it! But why did he drive me out alone into the world?"

His thoughts are checked abruptly as Mr.

it! But why did he drive me out alone into the world?"

His thoughts are checked abruptly as Mr. Mansfield, the chief officer, comes down and joins him. They are not preat chums, these two—an antagonism of thought and action is always rising up between them. Now, however, they speak only of the stowage of the cargo and of the probable date of sailing. Mr. Mansfield remarks that he does not at all like the look of things—all the dead weight at the bottem of the ship, and her "'tween decks" full of light stuff; and they both shake their heads and for once agree that she will roll the spars out of herself if they have any bad weather. But they have no power to alter it; they must carry out the captain's orders, and the blame, it any, will lie at his door.

A few minutes later they go up on deck, as work is over for the day, it being Saturday and a half-holiday.

work is over for the day, it being Saturday and a half-holiday.

Instinctively they each strive to be first to reach the side of a girl who is lounging in a cune chair under the poop awning, her attention divided between the knitting in her hand and a book which lies open on her knee. She looks up brightly as they approach, being evidently tired of her solitude.

"How worn out you look!" she says to Alan, as he drops upon a chair beside her; and she looks compassionately at the white face with the dark shadows under the eyes. "I have felt the heat almost unendurable here, so I shudder to think of what it must have been below."

"And do you not pity me at all, Miss Santry?" asks Mr. Mansfield, in the aggrieved tons of a man unaccustomed to take the second

place. She looks at him as he stands before her, six

sne looks at him as ne stands before ner, six feet two of physical grace.

"No," dryly. "I think you look far too well for me to waste any sympathy on you." Then with a change of tone she addresses them both. "Do you know if Captain Green has returned? My father went into Melbourne with him, you know and I cannot imagine why they are so know, and I cannot imagine why they are so long. My father will be exhausted by this in-

tense heat."

"Probably they missed their train, and are waiting for the next," suggests Mr. Mansfield, while Alan says gently:

"I do not think you need be anxious about Dr. Santry; he is so thoroughly well now that it would take a great deal to knock him up again."

again."
"Yes," assents the girl, but with some anxiety still noticeable in her voice; "but, when the voyage out has done him so much good, I don't want him to risk anything just as we are starting for home."
"You speak as if you were going only from Calais to Dover," says Mr. Mansfield laughing." Dr. Santry will have time to get ill and recover half a dozen times before we are round the Horn."

cover half a dozen times before we are round the Horn."
"I will go into Melbourne, if you like, and sek if they have seen anything of them at the office," proffers Alan with an irate glance at his brother officer, whose flippancy toward Miss Santry makes him savage. "There is a train nearly due now; if they do not come by it I shall go."

"Thank you," she answers softly, looking up at him gratefully. "It is very good of you to think of it, but I am not so selfish as to spoil your half holiday—I am sure they will soon be here now." Then turning so as to include Mr. Mansfield, "I have an invitation for you both.

Mansfield, "I have an invitation for you both. I coaxed the steward to bring afternoon tea up here; and if you join me in half an hour I shall be much gratified."

Both accept the invitation with alacrity, but Nora Santry quickly throws the apple of discord between them by adding:

"If you see the steward, Alan, tell him to put in an extra amount of tea; I know you like it strong."

put in an extra amount of tea; I know you like it strong."
His Christian name dropping unawares from her lips makes a sudden light flash like sunshine into Alan Unlack's eyes and brings a very evil scowl to Mr. Mansfield's face. Nora

shine into Alan Unlack's eyes and brings a very evil scowl to Mr. Mansieli's face. Nora sees neither as she takes up her book again, almost before they move away.

An hour afterward they are all at tea, the young men having improved their appearance considerably by the toilets they have made in the interval. Nora Santry makes a pretty picture as she lies back in her big wicker-chair, a slim, graceful, girlish figure, with goldenbrown, rippling hair bound round the small, well shaped head which carries itself so proudly, and dark eyes which can in a moment run the whole gamut from grave to gay.

She has delegated her duties to Alan Unlack; so that gentleman reclines on the snowy deck, the tray at his side, and divides his time between critically studying the condition of the teapot and furtively watching Nora. He seems to know by instinct the moment that she wishes for a piece of cake—half of which goes to a long-backed Skye terrier, who sits up begging, mournfully stolid, beside her—or if she thinks another lump of sugar would improve her tea. A long arm hands her what she needs without a word being spoken, and its owner has relased into motionless repose before Mr. Mans. a word being spoken, and its owner has re-lapsed into motionless repose before Mr. Mans-field, who always sees his chance of service a moment too late, has half risen from where he

moment too late, has made as its.

Their conversation flags; a few disjointed remarks on the heat or the probable date of sailing are all that laziness allows them to make, except when Mr. Mansfield rouses himself once or twice to tell some anecdote which he considers amusing, but which neither of his auditors seems to care for.

Here's the captain!" exclaims Mr. Mansfield, suddenly starting to his feet, as two mon come on board and advance toward the tea-

Captain Green, a pompous man whose gait is

come on board and advance toward the teaparty.

Captain Green, a pompous man whose gait is
between a swagger and a roll, comes first, a
package of letters in his hand. Following him.
Dr. Santry makes his way to his daughter's
chair, a tall, scholarly-looking man with a
silight stoop and wearing spectacles.

"Who wants letters?" asks Captain Green,
as he seats himself in his first offi er's chair,
evidently on the best terms with himself and
all the world. "Here, Mr. Mansfield—half a
dozen for you, each in a different lady's hand!
Oh, it is very shocking—very! Mess Santry,
your father has your correspondence. Do not
imagine me guilty for one moment of forgetting that ladies take precedence."

Nora smiles courteously in answer, and then
her eyes seek Alan's face with a pitying expression. She feels that mail day always brings his
loneliness home to him with a fresh sting; and
she longs to comfort him as he stands with
averte i face looking out over the water with
knitted brows and eyes which do not see what
they gaze on. As she looks, so ne subtle sympathy between them makes his eyes seek
hers, and the tender, sweet expression on the
face he loves so well rolls away the cloud and
all his troubles seem as nothing. He smiles
back at her—a smile that brings a sudden flush
to her cheeks as she turns away her head.

"By the way, M". Unlack, I have something
for you," continues the captain, who has despatched Mansfield to distribute the rest of
the letters, "I quite forgot to give it to youyou do so little in the correspondence line.
Now nothing less than a telegram will do.
Here it is—no bad news I hope; it reached the
office only this morning."

Alan takes it, and turns it over between his

Here it is—no had news I nope; it reached the office only this morning."

Alan takes it, and turns it over between his fingers, wondering bitterly who can think him worth wasting so much money upon.

"Was it unpaid, Captain Green?" he asks at least.

length.
"No; there was nothing on it. But why
don't you read it. man?" says the captain

testily.

Alan obeys, and carel sely tears the envelope. It does not take him long to read the brief message within; but he does not raise his eyes from the paper for several minutes, while the blood first mounts to his very forehead in a dark flush, and then ebbs away as suddenly, leaving him ghastly pale. At last, drawing a long breath, he lays the telegram on Nora Santry's lap, and, turning abruptly on his heel, walks away to his cabin.

walks away to his cabin.
"What is it, Miss Santry? Be kind enough
to let me hear it," says Captain Green tartly,
feeling privately that Alan has not treated
him with due respect in giving the telegram to ne else first. She glances over it slowly, then reads in a

low voice:
"Colonel Unlack was killed yesterday while hunting. No will. You are heir-at law. Come

hunting. No will. You are here as a hunting. No will. You are here as a home at once."

Then the girl's hands drop into her lap, while a puzzled expression clouds her face.

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the captain, sitting bolt.upright and quite forgetting his offended dignity. "Heir-at-law! I wonder was Colonel Unlack rich? Where is it from, Miss Santry?"

Hampshire."

oriented dignty.

Was Colonel Un'ack rich? Where is it from, Miss Santry?"

"Bouville Abbey, Hampshire."

"Ob," says Dr. Santry thoughtfully, taking off his glasses—"Bouville Abbey! Of course—I always knew I had some association with Mr. Unlack's name and face! I now remember tall. There was a Walter Uniack of Bouville Abbey at Baliol with me; he must have been this boy's uncle. He wanted me to go down with him one Easter. There were photos of Bouville Abbey in his rooms. A magnificent old place it seemed, but I heard it was heavily encumbered."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims Captain Green again, these revelations about his second mate astonishing him greatly. "But he can come in for much more than encumbrances from what you say."

astonishing him greatly. "But he can come in for much more than encumbrances from what you say."

"I am beginning to recollect a good deal now," replies Dector Santry. "I met an old chum, a friend of Walter Uniack's and mine, some years ago—ay, very long ago—twenty-one years, for I remember I was up in town just before my marriage—and we had a last bachelor dinner together. He told me that Walter Uniack was in India, and that Bouville Abbey had been redeemed by the eldest son's marrying the greatest heiress of the day, a Miss Rankin. Her father was a large ironmaster and railway-king, and I believe she had three or four hundred thousand."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculates the captain, for the third time; then, after a pause, in which he turns things over in his mind, he says grumblingly, "I wish he hadn't heard the news till we arrived off Gravesend. I suppose he'll be wanting to cut off in the quickest steamer he can find, and I shall be left two days before salling looking for a second mate; for I must say this for him—he's a good officer, and no mistake—has his men well in hand, always ge's the work properly done, and you feel that you can sleep in peace running up channel

ge's the work properly done, and you feel that you can sleep in peace running up channel when he's on watch, and have no dread of the crash of a collision every minute. I must go and talk to him;" and he swaggers off, full of

importance.

Father and daughter sit silent for a while Nora, with her head still resting on her hand have presented letters in her lan.

Nora, with her head still resting on her hand and her unopened letters in her lap.
"I am glad of Uniack's good fortune," remarks D. Santry at last. "He is a nice young fellow, and was most attentive to me before I grew strong—quite unlike most young men of his age; and his interest in my botanical col-lection is unceasing. He walked ten miles last Sunday to get me that moss I wanted. Do you remember, my dear?"

remember, my dear?"

The girl nods, thinking she knows the reason of Alau's zeal in botany; but she does not smile at her father's simplicity, as she would at another time; on the contrary, she sighs and moves restlessly, and at last, gathering up her letters, rises to go to her cabin.

Outside her door she encounters Mr. Mansfield, mingled spleen and satisfaction visible on his handsome face as he resolutely stands in her

his handsome face as he resolutely stands in her way, although she attempts to pass him with-

out speaking.
"Of course you have heard the news, Miss Santry-that our ugly duckl ng has turned out

Sainty—that our ugly ducking has turned out a swan i.

The girl's dark eyes flash angrily.

"I presume you allude to Colonel Uniack's death," she says very coldly, "though I must say I see neither good taste nor aptness in your metapher.

say I see neither good taste nor aptness in your metaphor."

"I did not mean to offend you"—even if his pride is hurt by this girl's disdain, he refrains from showing it—"I only meant that, instead of continuing a poor wretch of a sailor like me, he has sudden'y become a tremendous swell, owner of a splendid estate, and as rich as Crosus. I know I wish I could change from an ugly duckling into such another swan!"

"I think you ought to be very thankful that your parents are living, to love and be kind to you. I am quite sure Mr. Uniack does not see his father's death in the light you do."

He takes no notice of her little moral lesson.
"He can't grieve much for him," he says carelessly; "they never pulled well together. I believe; and he is sure now to be surrounded by so many friends that he will not feel much

by so many friends that he will not feel much "Friends?" with scornful emphasis. "Real

"Friends?" with scornful emphasis. "Real friends value a man for what he is, not for what he hat; becoming rich will not increase their number."

"I know you detest worldly wisdom," rejoins Mr. Mansfield, laughing, "and you will detest me for preaching it to you; but I wish you could go home in the same steamer with him, just to see how many men will say he is the

best fellow they ever met, and how many women will do everything but ask him to marry them. That is the only thing I don't envy him—the way the women will hunt him down. And of course one can't blame them—there is no doubt he is a splendid catch!"

The words are spoken lightly, but he keenly watches their effect. She cannot disguise the fact that they do affect her, for first she turns crimson, then grows white to her very lips.

"I do ha'e your worldly wisdom, Mr. Mansfield," she retorts, with a forced laugh; "so much so that I refuse to hear say more of it. My advice to you is that you should go home in the steamer you speak of, and prove yourself the best fellow he ever met; there is nothing like being first in the field for the post of toady and tuft-hunter."

Without giving him time to answer this door sharply behind her.

"What a biting tongue the little wretch has!" soliloquizes Mr. Mansfield, as he saunters away. "She can't deceive me—she likes him; but I flatter myself I have put a p etty strong barrier between them now. I wonder if I have really made her angry? Never mind! Once Uniack goes, I don't care; it will be strange indeed if I can't make her like me before the voyage is over, when he's not here to meddle."

To the great relief of Captain Green, the chagrin of Mr. Mansfield, and the astonishment of all, Alan Uniack elects to return to England as he left it, second officer of the Antiofe. He says, in answer to those who question him on the subject, that he will be home qui'e soon enough, and that he prefers not to lose his present berth till he knows how things are really going to turn out.

His true reason, however, is that he will not

present berth till he knows how things are really going to turn out.

His true reason, however, is that he will not leave Nora Santry so long as it is in his power to stay by her side. He is the more anxious not to do so now, because he feels that the Antiope, as at present loaded, is unsafe. Certainly, if anything happens, it is doubtful if his presence can save Nora; but he will not run the risk of having the misery of the "might have been" haunting him through life.

run the risk of having the misery of the "might have been" haunting him through life.

Having come to this decision, he settles down again into his old routine, and apparently d smisses from his mind all thoughts of his altered circumstances. The captain indeed shows him an amount of courtesy which is almost embarrassing, and his shipmates at first make many allusions to his good fortune; but these remarks so evidently pain and distress him and he so resolutely ignores all attempts to show them favor, that both cease for a time, and all gors on as before.

Not quite all, however, for a cloud has come over his friendship with Nora. Loving her more passionately than ever, he does his utmost to make her see it; but the look of pity he detected on her face on the day the mail brought letters for all but him was the last time their eyes met with the sympathy and understanding of unconstrained friendship. Now there is always a cold, hard, defiant look in her eyes when they meet his, which pierces him to the heart. The adroitness with which she manages persistently to avoid even chatting for five minutes with him is an admirable example of dexterity, and is a bitter contrast to the long, happy talks of a month ago. When she can find no other way to wring his heart, she begins to encourage George Mansfield, who, nothing loath to see

bitter contrast to the long, happy talks of a month ago. When she can find no other way to wring his heart, she begins to encourage George Mansfield, who, nothing loath to see h's charm work so well, improves the occasion to the best of his ability.

There are a large number of passengers returning ho ne, for the Antiope is a favorite ship, and Nora reigns a queen amongst them all. Having come out with them, the captain and efficers look upon her as one of themselves, and give her the lead in everything—a lead which the men at least are quite willing to see her take, as the prerogative of her beauty and wit. But, though she fiirts with many of them, to none does she show so much favor as to Mr. Mansfield; and Alan's heart sinks lower and lower as he sees the daily growing intimacy between them.

show so much favor as to Mr. Mansheld; and Alan's heart sinks lower and lower as he sees the daily growing intimacy between them.

When first left by the tug, the ship gets into a dead calm, and for twenty-four hours does not alter the bearings of Cape Skanch. As they go round and round, box hauling and club hauling till the sallors are out of patience, the Antiope is like no hing so much as a huge cow driven out of a neighbor's field and standing in the road, not knowing which way to turn her head for home. At last she catches a breeze, and away she flies like some wild thing, one huge mass of spreading canvas, and every spar and rope straining and quivering as if mad with joy at getting such a breeze to forward them on their homeward way. She tears the sea asunder as she presses through it; but to Alan's foreboding thoughts the receding waves cast aside by her cutwaster, as they roll to leeward, seem to foam with sulky rage and mutter in an undertone, "Wait a while, good ship—we will have our revenge for being beaten asunder and disturbed from our quiet rest! Our turn will come soon."

Toward the close of the first fortinght she

rest! Our turn will come soon."

Toward the close of the first fortnight she encounters two gales, during which the captain is confined to his cabin with a bad attack of rheumatism—a complaint that has a trick of troubling him only in dirty wea' her—but she escapes fairly well—with the loss of a few sails and a part of her main top gallant yard.

These injuries are quickly repaired and then, getting in'o moderate weather, she goes along gently under all available sail, and only one or two on board feel any anxiety on account of the constant lowness of the barometer, which never ranges higher than from twenty-nine to twenty-nine fifteen.

Alan is one of the few who know they are in for a good b'ow, and for Nora's sake he wishes

for a good b'ow, and for Nora's sake he wishes they were well out of it, because he knows the ship is bound to behave badly, loaded as she is, Even new she lies down to each sea that strikes

ship is bound to behave badly, loaded as she is. Even new she lies down to each sea that strikes her, as if she were never going to rise again, and then suddenly comes up with a swing which strains every stay and keeps up a continual vibration till yet another strikes her.

The passengers however, who cannot recall all these signs, believe that they have got into moderate weather which will last till they reach home; and some of the gayest of them, with Nora Santry at their head, declare that they must and will have a dance on deck, to break the monotony of their life.

Though the weather is cold and the ship is rolling, they persuade themselves that their dance is as delightful as an afternoon dance can be. Nora Santry looks a picture of brightness and beauty to Alan's eyes, as enviously he sees her dancing repeatedly with Mr. Mansfield. She wears a dress of some warm, clinging, white material, and its simplicity shows her lithesome figure in its full beauty.

Alan cannot but own to himself that George Mansfield looks worthy of his partner as he glides round the deck with her. He is a perfect dancer, and the exercise and excitement brighten his always handsome face.

"No wonder that she should like him best!" thinks Alan, as he averts his eyes. "How could such a gloomy, moroose fellow as I am

brighten his always handsome face.

"No wonder that she should like him best!"
thinks Alan, as he averts his eyes. "How
could such a gloomy, morose fellow as I am
have any chance against him? And yet once—
oh, Nora, Nora!"
He feels as if his two hours of duty will never
end, for he has extracted a promise from her
that she will give him a dance, and he is impatient to claim its fulfilment. The hope of it
gives him fortitude as he sees her dance time
after time with Mansfield.

"Soon," he tells him elf, "I shall be in his
place, and he—he will be out in the cold, even
as I am now." And he resolves to make the
best of his opportunity, and either clear away
the misunderstanding which has arisen between him and Nora, or else learn the whole of
the bitter truth once for all.

At last eight-bell strikes, and, after a delay
which makes Alan inwardly furious, Mr. Mansfield relieves him.

"I don't like the look of things at all," says
the first officer as he comes on the poop; "the
barometer is falling steadilly—I've just been

true that the danger which he dreafs is about to come upon them, then the greater the necessity for removing the cloud that has come between him and her, so that, if the icy waters of death are to engulf them, they may die together. Such a death would be to him far sweeter than his present life.

Nora is lounging lazily against the bulwarks, talking to a Mr. Gibson, one of the passengers, who is known to have an ardent admiration for her, and whom she encourages sometimes for a stray half hour when she has nothing better to do. It is an interval between the dances; but just as Alan comes up to her, Ben Hosford, the ship's carpenter, whose violin furnishes the just as Alan comes up to her, Ben Hosford, the ship's carpenter, whose violin turnishes the music, draws his bow, and from where he sits on the spare spars sends the Dolores waltz floating in long, wailing notes over the lonely waters. Ben is a clever musician, despite his rugged face and utter lack of training. He does not know one note from another, but only whistle him an air once and he will reproduce it on his violin with a wild strength and pathos all his own.

all his own.
"Nora," says Alan, as he reaches her,

"Nora, says Alan, as he reaches her, "Will you not dance this with me? I have been looking forward to it all the afternoon, and you know how I wish for it."

"And why should your wishes—allowing for argument's sake that they are genuine—influence my conduct? Question for question is our Irish rule, you know," and the girl gives a pretty glance of defiance at her interlocutor which sends home the words with a doubtful stab.

stab.

He cannot smile a her retort, and a shadow of trouble passes over his face as he says, in

of trouble passes over his face as he says, in earnes; tones:

Because I believe you to be my friend and I know you to be kind, and also because you promised the dance last night."

"Meanwhile, Mr. Gibson has my worl for this dance; and of the two evils I shall choose the least, and keep it for him. The 'Dolores' is too good to be wasted," she says, turning to her partner; and he, nothing loath, puts his arm round her, and away they glide, leaving Alan s'anding alone, with the feeling that all has suddenly grown cold and dark around him. He turns away wearily, and leaning over the He turns away wearily, and leaning over the side of the vessel a gloomy expression settles

side of the vessel a gloomy expression settles upon his face.

"Always the same," he thinks bitterly. "If even she is one bit kinder to me than usual, she pays me out with interest before the day is done. How she flirts with Mansfield and even with that idiot, Gibson! It can't be that she really cares for either. I could have sworn from the look in her eyes long ago that she loved me, but now she looks at them just as sweetly."

weetly."

He turns round with jealous eyes, only to see her resting in a low chair, while Mr. Gibson bends over her with her fan.

"I shall stand it no longer!" he mutters hotly. "I am a fool to care for her still, but I can't help it. Though she is the one bright spot in my life, I would ra'her know the worst to night than go on in this state of toriure, which is more than I can bear."

The music stops, and in the general move that takes place, Alan manages once again to jo'n Nora Santry, from whose side Mr. Gibson has been called away.

The sun has set and the sky has turned a

no'n Nora Santry, from whose side Mr. Gloson has been called away.

The sun has set and the sky has turned a lurid red, with a heavy, dull, leaden-colored background. The brilliant glow lights up her face as she lies back indolently in her chair, slowly fanning herself, with her eyes fixed upon the sunset. She scarcely seems to notice his approach; but, when he sits down beside her, she says listlessly, without turning her lovely eyes in his direction:

"I wonder you have not gone below to rest."

"So I shall, Nora, in ten minutes, unless things change; but I want to speak to you first. Surely you won't send me away for the night—perhaps forever—with a sore heart?"

"I regret the unpleasant condition of that important organ of yours," she answers, with a low, rippling laugh, "but I fancy you mistake me for Dr. Macquir."

All the other dancers are at the far side of the

All the other dancers are at the far side of the

All the other dancers are at the far side of the deck, and Alan and Nora are alone, save for Ben Hos'ord, who sits a little way off, with his face turned to the sunset, playing a weird strain softly to himself—an air which seems full of tempest and unrest, and the moans of dying sailors mingling with the shrill cries of sea-birds.

"Nora," says Alan, as he bends forward and strives to make her look at him. "dearest, he

"Nora," says Alah, as no bends to ward and strives to make her look at him, "dearest, be your own true self! You must know that I am miserable. I have nothing but your friendship to make me happy, and lately you have withdrawn it from me—for what fault of mine I cannot tell, unless it be that of loving you too much."

I cannot tell, unless to be unhappy,"
"I think you have no right to be unhappy,"
she replies softly. Then, as she sees the light
which leaps into his dark eyes at her words,
she continues, "You are going home to an inheritance of nobody knows how many thousands a year, and the most lovely old estate in
Hampshire."

sands a year, and the most lovely old estate in Hampshire."
The light dies out of his eyes as suddenly as it entered them.
"Do not throw that miserable money in my face!" he answers bitterly. "I tell you I hate it. It only reminds me of what I wish to forget —of my lonely, friendless life and of my father driving me to sea to get me out of his sight and to avoid apending upon me any of that money which he hoped I should never inherit. You know what my life has been, Nora: I hid nothing from you, for I feltas if you were the friend Heaven had sent me to make up for all my trials. Heaven had sent me to make up for all my trials

Heaven had sent me to make up for all my trials. I was madly happy during the voyage out, though homeless and penniless, for you were good to me and sympathized with me, and promised always to be my friend. But ever since that wretched day when the news of my father's death came, you have been like a fiint to me, and seem to care for nobody but Mansfield. Is this all that a woman's friendship is worth?" worth? She does not seem afraid of his gloomy eyes,

She does not seem afraid of his gloomy eyes, which look at her so searchingly; on the contrary, she seems to feel the same pleasurable excitement that a good rider does in at once rousing and curbing a spirited horse.

"I consider that you do not need my friend-ship and sympathy now; it would be only a superfluous luxury. But poor George does; he has no rich father to die conveniently."

"Since when have you called Mr. Mangitald."

ship and sympathy now; it would be only a superfluou; luxury. But poor George does; he has no rich father to die conveniently."

"Since when have you called Mr. Mansfield by his Christian name?" asks Alan hotly, his sorrow changing rapidly to fierce anger.

"I am really stupid about dates," rising and lazily drawing her s'ender figure up to its full height, "but I will look in my diery when I go below and let you know to-morrow, if you like. Here comes Captain Green! I have dec'ded to dance the lancers with him as the finale to our entertainment. I suppose you must depart; I am really sorry—a quarrel is so amusing!" and she holds out a slim, white hand.

"My dear," he says, "I am still your friend, whether you have ceased to be mine or not; and if ever my life can be of any use to you, you shall have it gladly. Ah, do not laugh," a her lip curls at what she counts mere heroics; "trouble may be nearer to us than you think! You know well that I would be more than a friend to you, that I love you with all the love of my heart, and that my whole happiness lies in your hand. What is money to me except that it enables me to offer you a home? I used to dream that perhaps you would wait for me while I worked for one; but now there is no need of that. Darling, tell me you are only joking, or have been testing me lately, and you do love me a little!"

The girl's eyes soften and glow as he speaks, but he cannot see them, for her face is turned away. Then, as he alludes to his inheritance, all the tenderness dies out, and the old mocking light comes back.

"And poor George—what is he to do when I provide mysself with a comfortable home?"

Alan drops her hand as if stung by an adder.

"Are you engaged to him, then?" he aska slowly. "Are you in jest or earnest? Nora, for Heaven's aske, answer me quickly!"

For a moment she is silent; then her eyelids droop with well'simulated coyness, while she answers—

"I think you had better ask him;" and, turn. (To be Continued.)

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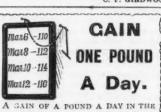
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Stage love? You do not believe in stage love? Then you have not heard my story. You may remember a period when I was very young, when strained relations existed between the college faculty and myself, and when I disappeared for a time from the world that knew me. It was then that I was graduated from the amateur to the professional

Beddoe, whom you met here last week, dear old Horace Beddoe, kindly allowed himself to be persuaded that I intended to devote my life to dramatic art, and enrolled me in his company. I well remember the pomp with which he introduced me to the other members of the

company.

"Miss Lane, Miss Lovel, Miss Fitz-Clarence," he said prondly, "and Miss Fane." I turned to behold Miss Fane. When I saw her, Horace Beddoe and all the rest seemed to disappear; a glory of golden hair lit up the dingy stage; then I saw one face, heard one voice make sweet, brief music, and felt that I should like to look and listen forever; for Miss Fane

was my Beatrice.
Little aristocrat that she looked that morning among the other women, in her plain stuff gown with its white cuffs and collar, and her boy's straw hat with the blue ribbon round it.

"A princess in disguise!". I thought, while I stood talking to her for a minute or two. "How on earth does she come here?" The very question, as I knew afterwards, Miss Fane was asking herself about me.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen," cried the stage manager, coming down briskly after a colloquy with the head carpenter; "now, then, we'll begin, if you please. Mrs. Fleming discovered R., he went on, reading the directions for the opening scene from the prompter's copy; R, please, Mrs. Leycester! as the leading lady blandly pursued her amusement of chaffing my supplanted rival Howard Belverstone at the opposite wing, and only delgned to hear the third or fourth summons—Mrs. Fleming discovered R.; Helen R. C. R. C., Miss Fane, please!"

And Miss Fane went away from me to be

stone at the opposite wing, and only delighed to hear the third or fourth summons—Mrs. Filening discovered R.; Helen R. C. R. C., Miss Fane, please!"

And Miss Fane went away from me to be discovered R. C.

"That's it," Mr. Melville continued. "Now, clear the stage there!"

And the stage was cleared, Horace Beddoe taking up a position in the front to sit in judgment on the rehearsal.

To this day I've very little notion what the piece was about. I saw from my own part that Helen Carew, that is, Miss Beatrice Fane, and I had one scene—a love scene of course—in the second act; gathered that the said Helen was a dependant of Mrs. Fleming's (a flirting widow, with a husband supposed to be dead years ago turning up from Australia just in time to bring down the drop on the first tableau); that she fell in love, after the proper amount of resistance, with the wrong man, Bertie Vivian (myself); and that, after the equally necessary amount of imbroglio, all ended happily as far as we were concerned, she and I. Altogether mine wasn't a bad part, I thought; and it proved even much better than with my knowledge of the author of "Each for Himself," I had dared to acticipate. This was only a book-rehearsal, and ran on pretty quickly and smoothly. In the first act I was only on to make up the tableau; in the second I had to make up the tableau; in the second I had to make passionate love to Helen Carew—a duty that of itself.

At the end of the scene I got a "bravo!" from Beddoe in the front, a nud of approval from Melville, the stage manager, at the O. P. wing; ironical congratulations from Mrs. Leycester, who hated my Helen; and a most complicated scowl from "Charles, my friend," in the person of Howard Belverstone. So I considered I might conclude that the scene had gone well. Odd if it hadn't, with my little princess in disguise to play to. She was delicious; a born actress, and a born princess to boot, I could have sworn. Again I marvelled how she came to te where she was. Of one thing, though, I felt certain, that after

now I had seen my Helen. Beddoe thought so too.

"You'll do!" he said, when we left the theater presently together; "I was mistaken in you. You'll make that rather a crack scene with little Fane, when you've looked it over a time or two, I shouldn't wonder."

"Tnanks to her then," I returned modestly. "By the way, who is Miss Fane?"

The manager glanced at me sideways out of his shrewd eyes.

"Who is she?" he repeated; "my ingenue."

"Pooh!" I said, wondering what he was fencing for; "I know that; what else is she?"

"A very good little girl," he returned demurely; "clever and popular"—the managerial notion of talent, this—"and draws well."

"That's all you know about her?"

notion of talent, this—"and draws well."
"That's all you know about her?".
"What else should I want to know? What do you want to know?"
"S mething more than you've told me. Somehow she seemed rather out of her proper element—"

ment—"
"Among those other women, you mean, eh?
Well, I've thought so myself. She keeps them
pretty well at arm's-length, though; has no
friends; and no enemies, either, I believe.
They all like her, the women do; bar the Leycester, perhaps, who's jealous of everybody.
And the men more than like her, without one

And the men more than like her, without one of 'em daring to make love to her. Yes, I don't wonder you fancled she looked out of place among that lot. However, here we are at your door. Come and dine at five, and be presented to Mrs. Beddoe, will you?"

With which hospitable invitation the manager left me. I went and dined at five, and was presented to Mrs. Beddoe, a piquante little woman, who played soubrettes and burlesque princes. Her I escorted presently to the stage door, and then took myself off to witness the performance from the managerial box.

witness the performance from the managerial box.

Miss Fane was playing in two pieces that night, and I saw no one else. When the curtain fell on her for the last time, I roce and departed, and dreamed about her that night.

In due time I made my debut. It was a success. The audience kindly took to me from the first; and I had them all safe when the actdrop fell on the scene between Vivian and Helen. They called us both; the whole house was shouting my name and hers.

"Go on, man," Beddoe said, pulling back the guy wire of the drop with his own hands in his excitement. "Go on! Lead her on! They re so pleased, you ought to get a double call. Now, then!"

They're so pleased, you ought to get a double call. Now, then! I led her on, all quivering with the nerve strain of that last ten minutes, with her hair all loose upon her shoulders, as it had fallen when I had caught her fainting in my arms upon the stage in the course of the business. My own pulses were beating fast and hot, too. They cheered us again and again. It is worth living for, that. We were back out of the footlights, out of the sight of that sea of faces, in the shelter of the prompt wing; the storm of applause dying away slowly.

"I'm so glad!" her eyes said more plainly than her lips to me as I let her go, and she passed on to her dressing-toom.

"And I so thankful—to you." I returned.

"Gallant!" Mrs. Leycester's voice said mockingly at my elbow, and Mrs. Leycester's yes glanced viciously at Miss Fane's retreating figure. The leading lady hadn't had a call this time. I answered her with much presence of mind. "No; only grateful, Mrs. Leycester. Guess what I must be to you."

"Tell me."

The bold blue eyes looked a challenge. Pru-

Guess what I must be to you."

"Tell me."

The bold blue eyes looked a challenge. Prudently I declined to accept it.

"I dare not," I said.

Melville came to my rescue at this moment with an imperious stage manager's "Stand clear there! Clear the stage, please!" followed by a raking volley at the men in the flies. Under cover of his orders I executed a strategic movement and gained my dressing room. The third act began and ended triumphantly. The piece was a success, and

my debut also. I went home that night under an engagement to Horace Beddoe for the remainder of the season.

I think I fairly earned my money. I worked hard, played all sorts, and lived a pleasant Bohemian life. My fellow players fraternized after a bit, Howard Belverstone and all; the last chiefly, I fancy, because I resolutely declined the flirtation which Amy Leycester wished to engage me in. The merit was certainly not mine. What did I care about the Leycester's eyes when I had only eyes for my little Beatrice? How could I be anything but blind to her tolerable undisguised advances when I was in hot pursuit of some one else? For that was exactly what I was engaged in; it was just that pursuit that made the time such a happy one to me. I had found out all about my little princess. She was a princess, as I had guessed directly I saw her. I loved her all the more when I knew how it was she came to be where I found her. I had nearly hit upon the cause the first night. Horace Beddoe was cognizant thereof, it seemed. It was either his discretion, or some notion that I might be

her all the more when I knew how it was she came to be where I found her. I had nearly hit upon the cause the first night. Horace Beddoe was cognizant thereof, it seemed. It was either his discretion, or some notion that I might be wanting to take her away from him, the best ingenue he had ever bad, that had made him fence with me when I spoke to him of her.

That notion of his turned out a correct one. I did want, and did mean, to take her away from him—to take her to myself, if she would let me. One day I told her so.

For one moment I held her in my arms, and my lips held her lips. The next she had broken away from me, stretching out trembling hands to bar me back from her.

My wife? How could I marry her? I should go back by-and-by, she said, to the world I had left. Could I take her with me? Would she not be pointed at, spoken of, as one who had no right to be there? Ought my wife to be liable to this? No; for my own sake I must go back alone, leave her and forget her.

I told her I would never go back at all but with her, and I pleaded hard. But she could be hard, t o; all the harder because she loved me. She kept out of my sight as much as she could, gave me no words but those she had to speak to me—such bitter mockery some of them seemed—on the stage; to k duenna escort, no longer mine, home at night; in short, half broke her little heart, and was utterly merciless to me. It was no longer a pleasant time. I grew savage under my punishment at last, and the day of my deliverance from my bondage to Beddoe being near at hand, swore I would leave the company, and go away from her—I knew not whither.

Mrs. Leycester. I found out afterwards, had a good deal of this to answer for. In her spite, or her jealousy, or whatever ill feeling it was, she set things afloat corcerning my Beatrice and me that hardened the girl's heart yet more, and played the very mischief with the course of my true love. However, never mind Mrs. Leycester. I pass over those evil days and come to the last of my stay with Beddoe.

Every de

The last rehearsal began, the only one Clarisse would get. She hardly needed that. She gave such a reading of the part as quite astounded Horace Beddoe.

"She ought to have had this line before," he said to Meiville. "The Leycester can't hold a candle to her. She'll do son ething to night, the little one will. The third act will electrify them—electrify 'em, sir!"

I knew that, too. The audience could not but catch something of the fire that made the little hands that clung to me burn and throb. My Clarisse was shivering with fever. Madame de Beaupre was likely to be only too real.

That long, wearisome rehearsal ended at last. She drew her cloak about her and moved away. I followed, in time to see her sink down on a sofa that stood ready to be moved on for the opening scene.

"Beatrice, what is it? You are ill?"
She looked up, so pale, poor child!

"Only tired," she said. "But don't be afraid. I shall be quite strong to-night. The count sha'n't find his Clarisse wanting, I promise you."

"Don't talk like that. You are ill. You

sha'n't find his Clarisse wanting, I promise you,"
"Don't talk like that. You are ill. You sha'n't play this."
"I will play it! I wouldn't give it up for the world! After she flung it up—! Ah! how glad I am! She wanted to rob you of a last success; but you will have it and I shall have helped you. I could almost forgive her!" she muttered.

mutered.

"Forgive her what?"

"Nothing. I didn't know what I was saying. And now I shall go home and rest; it won't do to break down to night, you know."

All she said had been spoken in that strange, feverish excitement that had come upon her during the last few hours since she knew she was to be my Clarisse.

I drew her cloak closer about her as she rose.

"Thanks," she said; "and now au reveir, Monsieur le Comte!" She was going. I sprang after her.

"Let me take you, Beatrice, for the last time."

"Let me take you, Beatrice, for the last time."

She stopped and turned, laughing. The soft laughter jarred on me.

"Well," she answered; "come then, for the last time. Take me."

Through the white was hed passage, heavy with grave-yard odors, into the street, chilly with autumn rain.

Walking beside her as she hurried along, I pleaded my cause with her yet once more. She would not listen; talked wildly of this and that; then, suddenly turning on me, called me cruel to speak so to her. Why would I torture her? What had she done? What I wanted could never be; she had told me why before. After to-night I should go back to my proper place, and leave her where I had found her, and forget her.

And with that bitter word on her lips she was gone. I had failed sgain. The girl's pride was stronger than her love for me; there was an end.

I wandered about under the rain, smoking, I

and played the very miscle with the course and played the very dead wall in the place was covered to be also draw size with the dead of the course of the co

Melville had come down by this time from his carpenters' rebearsal. Even be, clever at expedients as he was, had no suggestion to make, but stood staring blankly at his chief.

"It's no use," the latter said, after a long pause; "we can't make her play, I suppose, and we can't play the piece without her—confound her! We must do the best we can and improvise a bill somehow; and yet, after all the bother and expense." Yee," Melville chimed in , "it is provoke." Yee," Melville chimed in , "it is provoke." Yee, "devided the bother and expense." We be been controlled the play clarises," Melville returned, triumphanily. "She'il do it led it with the start and the state of the play clarises," Melville returned, triumphanily. "She'il do it led to the time for her to run through a rehearsal this morning. She'il piek up the part at once; and you can have a line in the bills asking their kind indulgence—moment's notice—that sort of thing. Don't you see!"
The manager's face brightened at once, "You're right, Melville, he said; "captial to me.

"You're right, Melville, he said; "captial to me.

"You're right, Melville, he said; "captial to me.

"The warmager's face brightened at once, and there, My last night, and Beatrice Fane for my Clarisse!

"The warmager rubbed his hands, his equaninity quite restored.

"The warmager rubbed his hands, his equaninity quite restored.

"The warmager the hilms in time."

"And Melville proposition had sent such a strange thrill of pleasure through me that could have hugged the staxe-manager the and there. My last night, and Beatrice Fane for my Clarisse!

"His!" Horace continued, "when Mrs. Leycoster hears this, I shouldn't wonder if we have hugged the staxe-manager the and there, and there, and there is more again quite recover have mere any to go on. She thought we can, she'il be ready to go on. She thought we can, she'il be ready to go on. She thought we can, she'il be ready to now whatever happene."

The manager kept his word; it was because the min at last, the elist net word word and



so softly that she rever hears him. Yet she feels as if his eyes were on her now. Slowly, shudderingly, she turns her head, and sees him.

Not a scream, for he lifts his hand to stop her,

"Ah!"
Not a scream, for he lifts his hand to stop her, but a low, faint moan, as she cowers down before him.
And then begins the great scene in the piece—at least, our great scene that night.
The silent, breathless house hung on every word of it, utterly carried away by the strange reality of what was passing before their eyes.
I, like the r.al man, spoke out of a love I thought lost; the hot, bitter words put into the count's mouth came hoily and bitterly enough from mine.
And that child there, with the fashion of her face all changed, with a wild, broken voice I could not recognize, with a helpless wringing of her little hands, was crouching at my feet—was dragging herself on her knees towards me, praying me to spare her.
Yes; I would go, if she bade me.
"Not in anger." And her arms were stretched out passionately to stay me. And I stop, and take the hot hands in mine. Ah! and hold them still, for she is quite powerless now, when I tell her what my love for her must bring upon her.
Quite powerless she lies there; her fate must

her.

Quite powerless she lies there; her fate must
be what I will. And I grasp my vengeance at

be what I will. And I grasp my vengeance at last.

A step on the stairs without—De Beaupre's. In another moment he will be in the room, and she will be lost. And then—the child is so helpless and so innocent—comes a tardy pity for her; and the count loosens his hold and lets his revenge slip, and leaves her.

And on him, as he stands for a moment dark in the moonlight, looking through the open window from the balcony, on her, as she falls sobbing hysterically into her husband's arms, the act-drop descends.

sobbing hysterically into her husband's arms, the act-drop descends.

A thunder-clap broke the breathless silence in the front; peal after peal of passionate applause rolled round the house. It called for her again and again.

When I made my way round from the back on to the stage I found her with a little group about her, lying half unconscious in the fauteuil, where she had slipted from Belverstone's arms.

teuil, where she had slipted from Belverstone's arms.

The manager was standing a little apart, looking excited and a little frightened.

"It's been too much for her, that last scene," he said to me. "She flung herself into the part a little too far I'm afraid she's fainted. But, by Jovel she electrified 'em, didn't she'! I said she would."

I pushed my way with scantceremony through the group. One of the women was bathing my Clarisse's forehead with cologne and water; the others stood looking on helplessly. I cared little enough for their presence. I bent over my poor, pale darling, and called her by her name, and said, God knows what, but words that brought her back to life again, anyhow.

Beddoe hurried up.
"Better Miss Fane?" he asked. "The''s

that brought her back to life again, anyhow.

Beddoe hurried up.

"Better, Miss Fane?" he asked. "Tha's light. You were magnificent—played only too well. Take her on," he whispered to me; "they are yelling for you both like mad. They ll pull the house down if they don't see her."

"Let them," I answered, angrily. And then, as I drew her hand under my arm—"Let me take you away from this Beatrice; take you home. You sha'n't go on!" Beddoe repeated, in high wrath. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what the devil you mean by that, Mr. Severne. I'm master here, I think."

mean by that, Mr. Severne. I'm master here, I think."

And Horace Beddoe raged away for some little time, I believe; I neither heard nor replied to him. The cries for her in the front grew flereer every moment. Melville hurried back to us from the prompter's wing.

"Now, Miss Fane," he said, in his sharp, business-like tone; "they will see you. The plece can't go on till you're shown."

I broke out with something that made Mel ville stare, and the manager was wild. But she answered, drawing her hand from my arm as she spoke:

"I am quite ready. Will you take me on, Mr. Severne?" And. as she walked, quite firmly, down to the side—"the play must be played out, you know."

And Lift lead her on to receive her avation.

Mr. Severne?" And as she walked, quite firnly, down to the side—"the play must be played out, you know."

And I did lead her on to receive her ovation, hardly knowing that I was doing so; and the play was played out.

But when my Clarisse knelt presently over De Beaupre in the last scene, with the last words she had to speak, the fictitious strength that had supported her till then went from her, and she fell back all cold and lifeless.

It was her last appearance. She was qui'e deaf to all clamor of the audience for her; and Beddoe had to go before them to explain.

It was many a long, anxicus day before she knew my voice again. That night had been too much for her; fever fastened on her, and nearly robbed me of my darling—for mine she was; I heard it from her own lips by and by, when my life had conquered her.

My stage career ended the same time that hers did. You can imagine the reconciliation and the rest of the story.

And now you know why I believe that stage love is sometimes true love.

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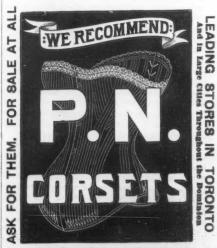
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DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

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Consolation for Ugly Girls.



HE gift of personal tionably one of the high prizes in a woman's life, but the life of her counterpart man is so complex, his needs are so many sided, that in some situa tions he is led to appreciate a cabbase a good deal

Nor is female beauty an exact science, figured out by measurement after the Venus de Medici or de Milo; not only national but individual standards vary; what is beautiful to a Chinese manda in is ugly to the gilded youth of Gallic or Celtic race; and Dr. Johnson's Tetty, always "a pretty creature" through the glasses tinted by his own fond fancy, was according to the verdict of his friends, a coarse looking, painted dowager, old enough to be his mother.

Imagination is such a potent factor in love. that if a man admires a tiny foot its possessor often borrows from her extremities a general comeliness of person in his opinion. Another, like Althea's Lovelace, may be entangled in a damsel's hair, or "fettered by her eyes," and straightway forget a big nose, clumsy ears, a sallow skin, even all these disadvantages combined, and constituting positive homeliness to casual observers.

Most ugly girls have something pretty about them, and the few who know that they cannot claim even this limited endowment become pathetic to men of a generous mind, exciting pity, and we all know what pity is akin to under favorable conditions. I reca'l a maiden of this stamp who secured a handsome and devoted husband by her very hopelessness of winning his preference, by the tender humility of her worship of himself. Living in the same house, the constant appeal to his chivalry be came more powerful at last than all the varied charms of other women he might have won.

Ugly girls, however, generally carry their consolation with them in a blessed unconsciousness of their want of good looks. Have we not seen them stand before a mirror noting the effect of a color or a new fashion, with an undisguised expression of admiration on their faces?-very much like the ugly young man who ties his cravat and smiles at his image in the glass with the comforting mental comment, "Not handsome, but devilish fascinating!

The statement that "ugly girls are generally left to run to waste, as unappropriated blessings," is not supported by evidence: who has not met wives as ugly as any old maid in his list of acquaintances? It is safe to make the broad generalization that an ugly girl, all other things being equal, is likely to have fewer offers than a pretty girl, but quite as likely to receive the one offer which will make her a happy wife. It may be doubted whether a p'urality of lovers is an unmixed advantage to a girl; one good lover, the elect man, attracted to her by affinity in its highest sense is forever enough.

But all other things (save the gift of beauty) seldom are equal between the ugly and the pretty girl; by the natural law of compensation the ugly girl has either some inherent or some acquired quality that is lacking in the other, which asserts its charm as acquaintance progresses. Beauty only has the start in the

The tete a tete drives in the park and free se its at the theater once the special prerogative of pretty girls are fast becoming unfashionable among the higher classes in our larger cities, the complexities of advancing civilization pre senting obstacles to freedom and obligations of

The ugly girl often has superior tact and finesse. Being obliged to study human nature closely in order to get the most out of it, she learns so well how and when to speak delicate flattery that she ends by convincing the man who scarcely noticed her on the evening when they were introduced, that the lips which can utter such bewitching things are really beautiful: for somebody has said-I cannot give the authority for the quotation -- that men are vain

Propinquity oftenest decides attachments of every kind; if a city man had to spend a winter in a Cape Cod village with a homely but pleasant girl, he would be more likely to find himself in love with her by spring than with the pretty and pleasant girl he left in Boston when he went to Cape Cod.

An ugly girl has a firm grip, generally speaking : she is not sated with admiration, or confident when she gets it that it will be perennial, so she does not let chance give her ne slip, after the fashion of many belles. When once married she has plenty of grit, too. to protect her lawful property and to distance the pretty and unscrupulous flirts who would try their wiles on him.

It is questionable, after all, if a woman's beauty or homeliness makes much difference to a man after he has been married to her a year: does he even know how she looks? He sees her inner nature, and the happiness of the couple is decided by the effect of their inner natures upon each other. Many a man with a pretty wife has been infatuated with the society of a very plain looking woman who possessed either intelligence or som; power of adaptation he missed in his partner.

The clever pleader for ugly girls says: "Suppose Grover Cleveland's too ample girth of waist had kept him out of the White House. as it certainly would have kept Mrs. Cleveland had she been the unlucky possessor," etc.

Most girls by one thing or another have been kept out of the White House, but I once knew a widow with a waist that might have rivalled our ex-President's, and she married a man of military and social position who was enough in love with her to take her without the jointure she was obliged to resign in accepting his

Nor does a buld head in this day of artistic wigs necessarily make a woman ineligible for the office of Governor's wife. I knew a charming lady rendered bald by insomnia, who married an adoring husband. To be sure, she had a pretty face and an uncommonly sweet disposition. It is interesting to know that he saw her bald head after marriage and that his love survived the test.

Prominent statesmen do sometimes wed homely women; persons yet living remember with pleasure the brilliant and very ugly Princess Metternich who was one of the social attractions of the court of Louis Napoleon.

The "tree of life" still stands in the midst of the garden, and its fruit is for all womankind; baby fingers pat wrinkled and, flabby cheeks as softly as round and rosy ones; "babies' skies are mothers' eyes," even if they are cross-eyes; moles and disfiguring birthmarks have been called "mamma's beauty spots" by tender lisping voices. Wedded love, too, has been as constant to the homely woman as it has to the beautiful one. Even Mahomet, with the laxity of the Moslem creed all was promulgating, took no other wife while the elderly Khadijah, greatly his senior, lived, and among the endearments of her youthful successors he always declared, "There is no one like Khadijah; she believed in me when no one else did." Her sovereignty, it will be seen, lay in the immortal principle of the man's nature, transfiguring and dominating the lower elements that help to constitute marriage.

Success in literature, science and art is open to the ugly as it is to the beautiful, granted that it does come more easily to the woman equipped with good looks as an auxiliary. Charlotte Cushman, plain and masculine-look ing, attained the pinnacle of an art which from its nature must appeal largely to the senses Think of a homely Romeo! she took the part sometimes.

Margaret Fuller, another homely woman influences even yet by her personal magnetism the thought of New England; and George Eliot, whose ugliness was almost phenomenal, was not prevented by it from winning the love of two devoted men and "living again in minds made better" by her genius.

We hope girls will go on being pretty and prettier, just as we hop; flowers will go on blooming; but destiny is more than skin-deep, it is determined by the force of character, the subtleties of temperament, the magic of opportunity, and by we know not what stress of

Karma behind the veil. We strongly suspect that the author of the Plea for Ugly Girls is not "one of them," but, if she is, the writer of this paper will try to match her consummate candor by saying that. although never an "ugly g'rl" herself, she has through life looked at many ugly girls and been forced to acknowledge that in one way or another they had managed to obtain a superior share of all that makes life worth living .-Frances Albert Doughty.

California and Mexico

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

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Hardup (in Bowery restaurant) - I say, waiter, doesn't a napkin go with this dinner?
Walter—Naw. Ye can carry de dinner out
wid yer, but de napkins stay right here.

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The Sassiety Drama.

Mr. Fussnite-Does that actress make much Miss Witham—I bet her dressmaker does.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores. Series, and can be had at all bookstores,

At the Newspaper Office.

Visitor-May I consult the files of your paper for a week back? Fresh Clerk-Certainly; only I'd advise you to use a porous plaster.

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A Little Thing.

"It is amusing how a little thing will escape a man's memory," a man remarked to a friend, "Yes, it is rather amusing, at times, but at other times the annoyance is greater than the

amusement."
"That's true, and it was somewhat my case the other day. Some time ago I took up the idea that I ought to buy me a house, and I began at once to lock around. After two weeks of c'ose association with real estate men, driving hither and thither, I found a house that suited me exactly. I hastened home and brought my wife to look at it. She said it was exactly the house that she wanted, and wanted to know if we could afford to rent so nice a place.

place. "'Rent! Why, my dear. I am going to buy

"Rent! Why, my dear. I am going to buy the house."
"But how are you going to buy it when you haven't any money?"
"Then I sat down. I had been so thoroughly taken up with the other essentials that I hadn't once thought of the money. But it's always my luck to forget some little thing that a more thoughtful man would be likely to selze at the start."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Dangers of Procrastination.

Dangers of Procrastination.

Landlady—I s'pose you noticed that long-whiskered old gentlem an who sat opposite you at dinner to-day? That is Prof. Driebones and you can have his room, as he is going West on a scientific exploration—strangest thing you ever heard.

New Boarder—What is?

Landlady—The object of his tour. He has been told that a pre-his'oric cave has been discovered out West, and in it sat ten skeletons around a petrified table.

New Boarder—Well! well! Why didn't the fools change their boarding-house sooner.

Mr. Gustav Nauwald, jr., Tivydale, Fredericksburg, P. O., Tex., U. S. A., writes: "I was cut by a scythe and knife in my hands and feet; I suffered three weeks. A half bottle of St. Jscobs Oil cured me."

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RTAKER

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treet

HE Canadian Society of Musicians met at the Education De Tuesday morn ing, Mr. R. S. Ambrose, Pre sident of the Society, in the chair.. The attendance was small, but grew

somewhat in numbers before the day waned The general feeling of the members present seemed to be that the Society wanted an earth-quake or a dynamite shock to move it into more vigorous and effective life. In the past many enjoyable battles were fought at its convantions, on the question of qualification for membership, and much of the pleasure that was expected to attend the annual meetings was to be found in the warm debates which at-tended this question. A pall of icy coldness fell upon the association when it was determined after several years' warfare to institute examinations for new membership, and the marrow went out of the society. The old members had talked each other to death, and there were no new ones to kill. Last summer the committee seemed to see no way out of the gloom but to ask the members for their individual opinions, with some excellent and some very hazy results. The suggestion I made in this column at the time—that the fence of exami-nations should be thrown down and all musicians cordially invited and even pressed to join the society, leaving examinations to follow as leading to distinctions within the membership has borne fruit in so far as it was crystallized in o a resolution which was to be debated at the Wednesday session. At this time of writing I am unable to say what the result is, but I certainly wish this sensible effort every suc-

Mr. W. O. Forsyth read an essay on The Piano and its Technique, in which many points were handled in an independent and common sense manner. Two points that Mr. Forsyth particularly urged upon his hearers were, that beginners should not be forced to adopt any particular position for the hand until the fingers have gained fluency, and that the craze for pupils' concerts should be abated. If the Convention of 1891 should be able to effect impressions upon the public in these two points alone, the Canadian Society of Musicians will have earned the eternal gratitude of all sensible people, and will have abundantly justified its existence. For young fingers may safely be left to find their way among keys in the manner that is most natural and easy and direct until the mind and the eye are educated, and thus retain the muscular suppleness of childhood. Better gain flexibility of fingers and add correctness of technique than to acquire rigidity of the latter and heavy, lumpy playing, as if par la main gauche. The other point of pupils' concert appearances is the bane of every honest teacher. Time that should be spent in progressive work, and in making future work easy is wasted in bolstering up an incomplete, incorrect and incoherent rendering of a piece not in the least understood by the pupil. Vocal teachers are no less sinners than in strumentalists in this respect.

The discussion evoked by Mr. Forsyth's paper was an essentially practical one, and of more than usual interest. The afternoon proceedings were terminated by a plano recital by Mr. Thomas Martin of London, assisted by Mr. Waldemar Bluethner of the same city. Mr. Martin's numbers were: Concerto in F Minor, op. 21. Chopin; (a) Hungarian Dances, Nos. 6 and 7, Brahms; (b) Ich liebe Dich, Grieg; Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 14, Liszt. The or-chestra part to the concerts was played by Mr. Buethner. The Mehan Ladies' Quartette of Detroit sang Rheinberger's Reveries and Lamothe's Night Breezes. Miss Jessie Corlette sang a couple of songs with splendid expression. The quartette is made up of good voices, admirably balanced and trained. During the recital the hall became filled. In the evening the active members of the society and their friends were entertained by Mrs. George Tate slackstock at her residence, from nine until

Next Thursday evening, at the Pavilion, the much-talked-of Gruenfeld brothers will make their first appearance in Toronto. Mrs. Caldwell has been engaged to diversify the programme with some of the best numbers of her

I have received a very neat memorandum of the choir of Erskine Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Arthur Hewitt is organist and choirmaster. This card bears the names of some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen, membars of the chair, and a decidedly creditable repertoire of anthems, choruses and part songs sung by the choir.

I learn that Alfred Cellier, who has lately been collaborating with W. S. Gilbert, died this week. Cellier has done some good things among which were: Doris, Dorothy and the Sultan of Mocha. The latest joint production of these authors was to have been performed and published on Thursday evening of this week, but owing to Cellier's death The Mountebank will not be produced until Monday even-

I have received from Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons some very excellent little pieces for little fingers: Rustic Dance and Reve D'Amour Valse, arranged by Frederic Forest; In the Springtime, a collection of bright trifles, by C. Gurlitt; and a Tarantelle of moderate difficulty by Paul Sohmer.

Mr. Robert Mahr, our genial violinist, has removed to 44 Gloucester street.

METRONOME.

Too Rapid.

"What do you think of my poem?"
"I's good; but the action seems to be a little rapid."
"Well, it's the last poem I shall ever write."

"My dear boy, allow me to congratu—"
"Oa a railroad-train going forty miles an

BRANTFORD

Wyckliffe Hall was filled to overflowing on Thursday evening of last week on the occasion of the concert given by the 'Varsity Glee Club, under the auspices of the Alumnat of the Brantford Young Ladies' College. Every seat was occupied and scores crowded around the doors. The Glee Club was conducted by Mr. E. W. Schuch. The concert was directed by Prot. G. H. Fairclough, the music teacher at the college. Besides the Glee Club the services of Mrs. Mackelcan of Hamilton, Miss Rolls and Miss E. Carson of the college had been obtained. Dr. Cochrane occupied the chair. The programme was as follows: PART I.

	Soldiers' Chorus(Faust)
	Trio
	Solo A Lovely Night in June Thomas
-	Solo Order of Friars Gray Russell
	Mr. E. W. S.huoh. Solo
1	PART II
	Part Song(a) Cloud Capped TowersStevenson (b) Wanderer's Night SongLenz Glec Club.
1	SoloBoys of the O'd Brigade
l	Piano Solo(*) Warum Schumann (·) Bouree
I	SoloMurmuring Zephyrs
I	Octette The Banners Wave
I	Chorus Bill of Fare
ı	Mrs. Mackelcan has a beautiful contralto

Mrs. Mackelcan has a beautiful contralto voice of great refinement of tone and susceptible of expressive power. Her first number, A Lovely Night in June, was so creditably rendered that she was warmly encored. In her other efforts she was no less successful. Mrs. Mackelcan's pleasing appearance, agreable manner and unaffected, honest singing make her a strong feature on a programme. The piano solos by Miss Isabelle Rolls were exceedingly interesting and well played. The pieces gave Miss Rolls an abundant opportunity to display her great technical resources and strong individuality of conception.

Miss Carson's rendition of Ecstasy, one of Arditi's difficult numbers, was easy and fluent, showed a good style and very sweet voice. She was accorded an enviable share of applause, to which she responded by singing I Wonder Why. Miss Carson is a pupil of Miss Marie C. Strong, teacher of vocal culture at the ladies' college, and is winning her way to very decided popularity here.

Strong, teacher of vocal culture at the ladies' college, and is winning her way to very decided popularity here.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Schuch, sang some excellent songs. The club has some rich voices and sings with a fine large tone. The gentlemen were models of propriety and will always be heartily received in Brantford.

Mr. Schuch sang The Order of Friars Gray in a manner that won him warm compliments. As an encore he replied with the Fishers of St. Ives, which was very amusing.

Prof. Fairclough played the soloists' accompaniments exquisitely.

After the concert Taursday evening, a number of the 'Varsity students were entertained by Miss Fair. Dancing was the chief amusement and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent.

An interesting event took place a few days ago at Winnipeg, in which one of Brantford's fair daughters played an important part. At Chessel's Croft, the residence of Hon. Chief Justice Taylor, Miss Harriett Beecher Hossie, eldest daughter of our esteemed citizen, Mr. W. N. Hossie, bursar, institution for the Blind, was married to Mr. James Shirriff of Brandon, Man.

The bride was attired in a beautiful traveling

The bride was attired in a beautiful traveling dress of rich gray cloth and was given away by James Fisher, Esq., representing the father.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prof.

Baird.
Miss Taylor of Winnipeg supported the bride, and Mr. Shewen of Brandon acted as

bride, and Mr. Shewen of Brandon acted as best man.

The presents were very numerous, among them being a handsome silver urn and teaservice, presented by the choir of the church of which Mr. Shirriff was a member.

After lunch, during which telegrams were received from Toronto, Brantford and elsewhere, the happy couple left by the evening C. P. R. train for Brandon, carrying with them the best wishes of hosts of friends in Winnipeg. SAILOR.

Book Notices.

Book Notices.

Rhymes Afloat and Afleld, by Wm. T. James, Toronto; published by the author. This tastefully gotten up little volume contains some sixty-four poems of varying lengths. The binding is strong and artistic and the press work clear and bright and a credit to the printers' craft. There is a frontispiece portrait of Mr. James, and the dedication is to Prof. Goldwin Smith. The poems are of different degrees of merit and may be marred for some readers by the occasional use of obsolete words and phrases, and of unfamiliar terms when simpler ones would have been better. Nearly all the poems express a keen and real sense of appreciation for the beauty of nature, and many of them express a virile, healthy joy in living. The sound and pure tone of the whole atones for any mannerisms of style, and the fault we have mentioned will not cause Mr. James' work to be less appreciated. Though many of his subjects are familiar to his readers, they are most of them well treated. The sonnet, Wild Flowers, is especially good, and so is the Yachting Song. For quotation, however, we would choose the following lines from a sonnet entitled The Woods:

"Who would not turn

His feet to sylvan fants where every creed is tolerated; linger, dream and read From other leaves than those of volumes; learn The collects of the flowers—the wild birds' pealm, And talk with Nature till his soul grows calm?"

J. S. Murphy in Bouchal-Bawn.

No one who had the pleasure of seeing the above-named prominent and talented Irish comedian on the occasion of his former visit to our city can fail to remember the pleasing and lasting impression he left in his interpretation of an Irish character. His advent in our midst now, being Monday, January 4, is heralded by assertions of the most complimentary character. Having an entirely new and specially written Irish comedy drama, by an author whose style and ability bear a closs resemblance to that of the late Dion Boucleault, Mr. Murphy has reason to congratulate himself not only on the perfection and merit of his play but also the emphatic evidences of approval bestowed upon it by the universal press and public. The company in support is stated to be of marked strength and capacity in the characters assumed. The play has an abundance o' charming pathos, romance and sentiment and is prolific in all the elements that constitute the epitome of comedy. Go and see it if you wish a hearty laugh. J. S. Murphy in Bouchal-Bawn.

A Dress-Reform Lecture. It is probable that many of Toronto's bright and enlightened ladies will attend Mrs. Jeanesse-Miller's Drsss Reform lecture on Monday, January 4.

Long Descent Per Saltum He—And your genealogy has been traced back to the sixteenth century? Do you know much of the collateral branches? She—No; we were interested in our ancestors only, and made no researches as to any of their children.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant reference to figures, a custom so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these unique yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy shou'd write or call upon Mr. W. R. C. illaway, 118 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.

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generally: I take much pleasure in wishing you all a Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year. HENRY A. TAYLOR,

Rossin House Block, Toronto.

The Fashionable West End Tailor.

THE CITIZENS' CANDIDATE

EDMUND B. OSLER Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices

Let Us Try for One Year a Business Man and a Business Plan

The City's yearly expenditure is greater than that of the Province; is criminal folly to vote it into the hands of incompetent men.

Sectional issues ought to be secondary to the general welfare. The administration of \$6,000,000

annually ought to be supervised by a man who has a first-rate knowledge of finance.

One or two years' experience as an Alderman does not make a Financial Expert.

Familiarity with municipal routine has not kept down the taxes. A capable administrator will stop the growth of taxation, sustain the City's credit and amend the system under which many taxpayers are on the road to ruin.

VOTE FOR FOR MAYOR

McKendry's Greeting

READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!

McKendry Once More on the War Path

Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATUR DAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding

Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our custo-

In our Basement Bazar

Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.

Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.

Don't forget Monday, Mc-Kendry's Bargain Day.

Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices-40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.

McKENDRY'S 202

6 Doors north of Queen on Yonge St.



SURPRISE

MAKES white clothes whiter. MAKES colored goods brighter.

MAKES flannel softer.

SURPRISE

SAVES boiling or scalding the clothes.

SAVES that hard rubbing of clothes.

SAVES the worry and nuisance of that steam about the house on wash day.

SURPRISE SOAP is economical

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Old-Fashioned Cider.

There was a farmer's wagon on the Central Market the other morning with three barrels of cider in the box, and as the farmer himself sat waiting for a customer a citizen came along and stopped to query:

"Is that cider?"

"Yes, sir."

"At! I was looking for cider. New, is it?"

"Yes."

Barrels nice and clean and well rinsed

"Barrels nice and clean and well rinsed out?"

"Yes."
"I'm a little particular about my cider. If it isn't old-fashioned cider I can't drink it."
"This was made in the old-fashioned way," replied the farmer.
"Was, eh! The old rule used to be to pick up all the wind-falls."
"That's what I did, sir."
"Mixed up a dozen varieties, did you?"
"Yes."
"Did't lock to see if the apples were

"Didn't look to see if the apples were

"No."
"Ground everything right up with 'em, I

suppose?"
"Yes."
"Then put about one fourth water?"

"About one-fourth, sir."
"Warranted to be regular old-fashioned cider, is it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I'll be back this way in about ten

"Well, I'll be back this way in about ten minutes."

He didn't come, though, and after waiting for about half an hour the farmer stood up to look around and observe:

"Tha:'s the way with these town folks! Bring 'em in jest what they are sighin' fur and they've got to go pickin' and foolin' around and take a hull day to make up their minds. Even if that feller comes back he'll probably try to beat me down 'cause I had to use a few sound apples to make out the three bar'is!"

An Opinion.

"What is your opinion of Mawson?"
"Well, for publication I have no opinion of Mawson, and privately I have even less."





What a comfort to be able to get through the week's washing in the forenoon and have the afternoon to one's self. "Sunlight Soap" enables you to do this. No hard work; lovely white clothes; nice soft hands! What can be more desirable? Try "Sunlight."

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40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street. DR. C. C. JOB, 74 Pembroke Street Homocopathist and Medical Electricias Ashma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Ungins Pectoris, Neuralgia, Dyspesia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.

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Nose and Ear. 210 Huron Street, first door north College sultation hours- 9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m. DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng. Physician and Surgeon

Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 8 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 3499. Office 26 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and till 9 p.m. Telephone 1685.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

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DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist 325 College Street

DR. L. BALL DENTIST

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12 Carlton Street
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M.D.S., New York.

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FANCY ATOMIZERS ODOR CASES

MANICURE CASES

Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

MONTIZ AMBERT-Dec. 24, Mrs. W. C. Montizambert-s daughter. HARPER—Dec. 25, Mrs. Richard Harper—a son. BOND—Dec. 25, Mrs. Hedleigh Bond—a daughter. HEMSWORTH—Dec. 21, Mrs. C. W. Hemsworth ter.
DOWDALL—Dec. 28, Mrs. P. C. Dowdall—a son.
ROSS—Dec, 2¹, Mrs. A. K. Ross—a daughter.
DE 4N—Dec. 28, Mrs. W. George Dean—a daughter.
ANDERSON—Dec. 24, Mrs. Jas. A. Anderson—a son.
PERRY—Dec. 26 Mrs. Edward Perry—a son.
DIGNUM—Dec 17, Mrs. J. Albert Dignum—a daughter.
MORRIS—Dec. 19, Mrs. R. S. Morris—a daughter.

Marriages.

WALKER-ELLIS—At St. Luke's church, Toronto, on December 28, by the Rev. John Langtry, rector, Herbert R. Walker, eldest son of the late R. Irving Walker, to Florence Louise, furth daughter of the late James E. Ellis of Toronto.

MACAULAY—MARSDEN—Dec., Kenneth Macaulay to Millicent Marsden.

GUTHRIE—LAURENCE—Dec. 24, William Guthrie to M. Lawrence. M. Lawrence.
WYLIE-GLASSFORD-Dec. 23, John Wylie to Jeanie Glassford,
FLEMING—BUTLER—Dec. 23, A. Grant Fleming to Winnifred Butler
HARIS—THOMSON—Dec. 23, C. L. M. Harris to Mary

Thomson.

McKENDRY-Mc?HEE-Dec. 16, A. McKendry to Lillian MOSES—CLAPP—Dec. 20, Frank Moses to Maud Clapp. WILMOTT—THOM—Dec. 22, Walter E. Wilmott to M. Thom.
BRO N-Mc ULLAGH-Dec. 23, H. W. Brown to Ella McCullagh. NICHOLSON—GREER—Dec. 24, Joseph Nicholson to Myra Greer
GRAHAM—ORRE—Dec 25, S. R. Graham to Edyth Orre.
DURRAND—GHAPMAN—Dec. 25, W. D. Durrand to M. KIRKPATRICK-ROWELL-Dec. 20, Geo. Kirkpatrick to E nille Rowell.

MACPHERSON—BURTON—Dec. 26, M. Macpherson to

MOORE-DICKSON-Dec. 23, Arthur S. Moore to Jessie Deaths.

Deaths.

BRIGGS—Dec. 25, Annie S. Briggs, aged 64.
COOK—Dec. 25, Arthur Cook, aged 9.
HENDERSON—Dec., George T. Henderson, aged 11.
SCOTT—Dec. 25, Jennie B. Scott, aged 28
ARNOLDI—Dec. 7, Daniel Arnoldi, aged 56.
CALLANDER—Dec. 28, John J. Callander, aged 14.
DISSETTE—Dec 27, John Dissette, aged 47.
SAMPSON—Dec. 26, Lilla Blanche Sampson.
WHILLANS—Dec., Margaret Whilians, aged 47.
ONEILL—Dec. 29, J. F. O'Neill, aged 34.
PARKER—Dec. 27, Emily Parker, aged 29.
LEYS—Dec. 16. Alexander Leys, aged 30.
OWEN—Dec. 25, Eleanor Amanda Owen.
TOWNLEK—Dec. 27, Isabella Towniey, aged 17.
CLABK—Dec. 25, Elira Clark, aged 68
KEED—Dec. 22, Elira Lead.
BOYD—Dec. 22, Elira Kead.
BOYD—Dec. 22, Elira Kead.
BOYD—Dec. 27, John D. Alison, aged 28.
UNDERWOOD—Dec. 27, Coorge Underwood, aged 5.
MAGTIN—Dec. 24, Volney W. Corin, aged 50.
MCCABE—Dec. 28, Norman McCabe, aged 44.
COLES—Nov. 28 George Coles, aged 44.
COLES—Nov. 28 George Coles, aged 45.
ADLARD—Dec. 22, Henry Thompson.



RICH CUT GLASS A choice selection of SPECIAL DESIGNS just opened

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Royal Worcester Doulton, &c.

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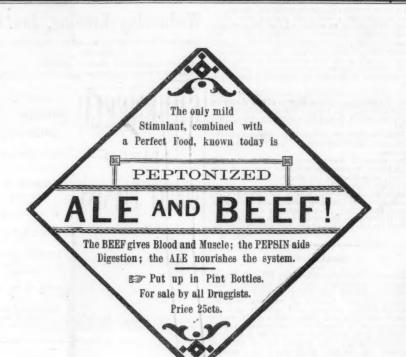
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Choice Furniture New styles Bedroom Sets, Sideboards, just pay you to see them before purchasing. UPHOLSTERY TO ORDEL

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